

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 767



AUG 9, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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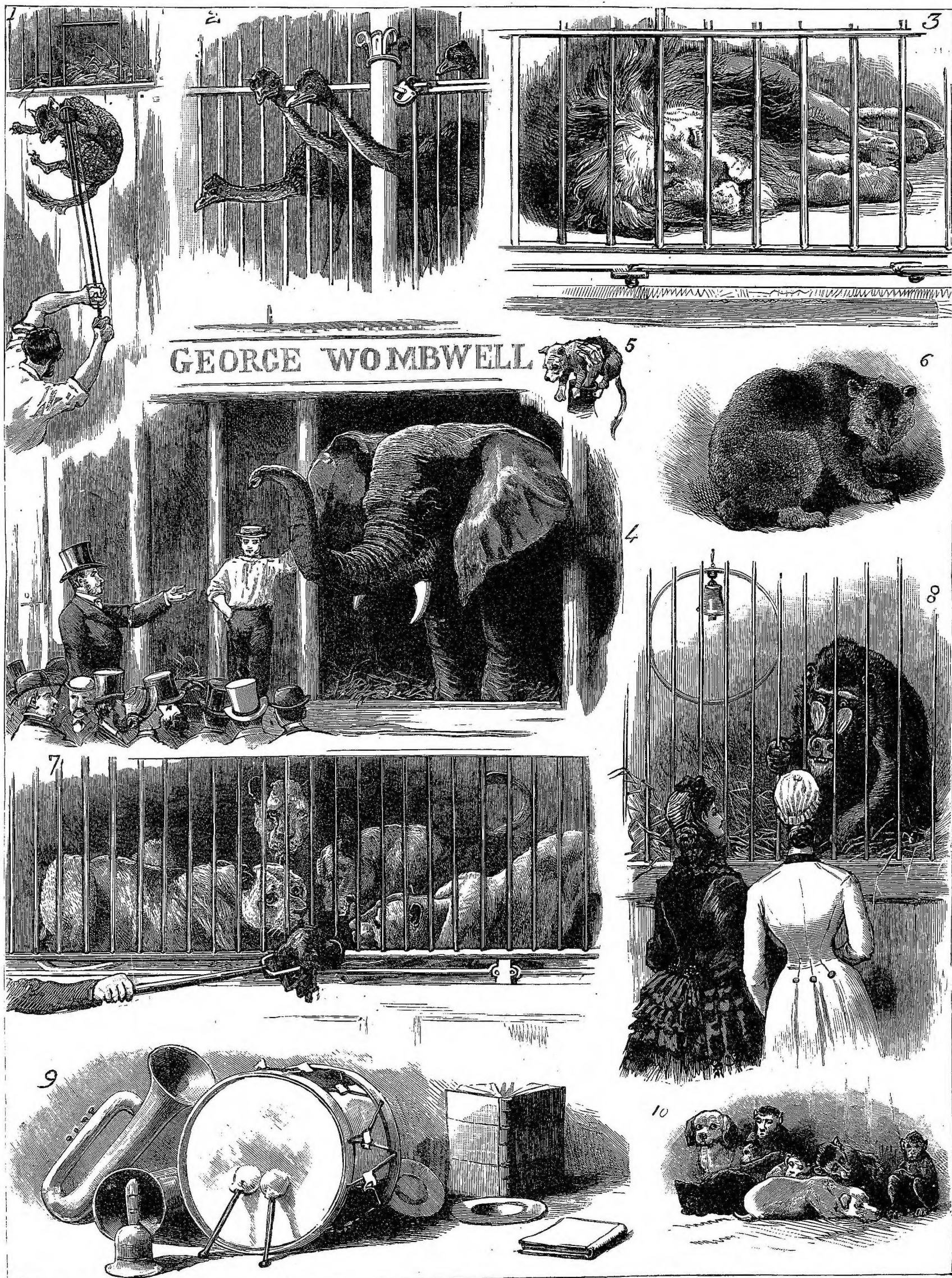
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [PRICE NINEPENCE
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1. How to Move a Wild Cat or Devil.—2. "How Much For Us?"—3. "Wallace," the Lion of the Show.—4. "May I Start this Splendid Elephant, the First in England, at One Thousand Pounds?"—5. The Baby Hyæna—"a Suitable Pet for a Lady, Gentlemen."—6. The Russian Bear "Going Cheap—Only £4."—7. The Last Meal.—8. The Blue-Faced Mandril, Jerry: "Mutual Admiration."—9. Important Items.—10. No Ill-Feeling—a Miscellaneous Group

KNOCKING DOWN A WILD BEAST SHOW—THE SALE OF THE ROYAL WINDSOR CASTLE MENAGERIE

Topics of the Week

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.—Englishmen have good reason to be pleased that the Conference was unable to arrive at a unanimous decision with regard to any of the schemes submitted to it. Had it come to an agreement, England would still have been responsible for the maintenance of order in Egypt, but practically she would have lost all control over Egyptian finance and administration. The country would have been ruled in the interests of the bondholders, and the already overburdened taxpayers would soon have suffered from a far more grinding despotism than that from which we undertook to deliver them when we crushed Arabi's rebellion. Now we have one more chance of doing the work which ought to have been begun in earnest long ago, and it is almost inconceivable that the Government will fail to take advantage of the opportunity which has been created for it by the unreasonableness of France. Although in a certain sense we have recovered our freedom of action, the situation is not exactly what it was before the assembling of the Conference. By appealing to the Powers, Mr. Gladstone formally recognised the right of Europe to a voice in the ultimate settlement of the difficulties by which we are confronted in Egypt; and there can be little doubt that if he were again to commit a series of grave blunders he would be sharply called to account. Fortunately, the appointment of Lord Northbrook as High Commissioner seems to indicate that English policy in Egypt is about to enter upon a wholly new phase. The Government would not have taken so decisive a step as this if it had not intended to act henceforth with vigour and frankness. Lord Northbrook is generally believed to be well fitted for the duty which has been imposed upon him, and the progress of his mission will be watched with the deepest interest by politicians of all parties both in England and on the Continent. Should he advise the Cabinet to assume more direct responsibility for the good government of Egypt, he may excite some discontent in France, but the rest of Europe will commend his judgment. Even France would not seriously resist the establishment of a system which would be likely in the end to promote her material interests.

RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.—These securities are far more interesting to the public than they were even twenty years ago, when the prejudice that no investment except Consols was really safe still lingered among trustees and family lawyers. Nowadays British railways afford one of the most favourite forms of investment. Mines are notoriously risky; unlimited banks, if they break, may spell ruin to the shareholders. Bad harvests and "Georgian" revolutionary theories have depreciated the value of land, besides which, in the matter of a mortgage a man is completely at the mercy of his lawyer. Home railway securities are free from all these defects, therefore they are much sought after by the genuine investor, and an enormous number of people are interested when the rate of the half-yearly dividend is declared. The recent declarations cannot certainly be called encouraging, yet they need not produce any serious alarm. For a long time past complaints have been heard of trade depression, and now folks of the most uncommercial type feel the pinch if they happen to be holders of North-Westerns or North-Easterns. The drop of one per cent. which each of these mighty corporations exhibits in its half-yearly dividend rate means a severe depression in the mineral trade, especially in coal and iron. The lines which are chiefly dependent on passenger traffic have held their own pretty fairly; one indeed has increased its dividend, but this is due rather to greater saving than to greater earning. The Great Eastern, too, hitherto an unprofitable line, shows signs of improvement, possibly because it has tapped the stream of traffic which formerly flowed into the Great Northern reservoir. This last fact indicates what is at once the great vice and the great temptation of the big railway companies. They are always striving to extend their dominions, consequently they are always calling for fresh capital, and (although the value of money just now is very low) the charges levied for fixed rates of interest on preference shares and debentures necessarily eat up a good deal of the earnings, and thus lighten the pockets of the ordinary shareholders. On the other hand the temptation to extension is great, for undoubtedly it is with railways as with nations, the trade follows the flag.

THE REVISION CONGRESS.—The French Republicans appear to be incorrigible. M. Ferry's Revision policy has been from first to last one of those acts of mild madness, like playing with fire in a magazine, or prodding holes into a boat's keel while it is shooting down rapids. Nobody wanted Revision except those who wished to see M. Ferry out of office, and the Moderate Republicans had absolutely nothing to gain by the step which their leader took in summoning the Congress. The Constitution of 1875 was like a fortress strongly built by the Orleanists to keep the Republicans in check; the Republicans managed to get possession of the citadel, and their enemies have since found it impregnable. Yet M. Ferry has had the levity to propose the partial demolition and dismantling of the fortress because some of those who have found shelter behind it have grown to despise bastions, and are eager for some more pitched battles in the open. This is the whole meaning of the Revision scheme.

M. Ferry knows that the Senate was the strongest bulwark of the Republic, and he should not have allowed a stone of it to be touched. As for his proposal to abolish the public prayers offered up in churches at the opening of Parliamentary Sessions, one can only say of it what General Bonaparte said when he was remonstrated with for reopening the churches after the anarchy of the Terror and the Directorate:—"Vous trouvez donc que la République a bien réussi en se passant de Dieu?" M. Ferry proclaiming that there is no power over France but his alone—for M. Grévy hardly counts—is a ludicrous sight enough. It is far better to laugh at it than to moralise.

POPULAR DEMONSTRATIONS.—The Lords cannot complain that their action with regard to the Franchise Bill has attracted insufficient attention. Notwithstanding the break-up of the Conference, the appointment of Lord Northbrook as High Commissioner, and the Vote of Credit for the relief of General Gordon, the question of Parliamentary Reform continues to be the most absorbing subject of public interest; and there is no sign that the agitation is likely to decay as the autumn advances. The demonstrations which have hitherto taken place have been conducted, on the whole, with remarkable good-nature. We hear much about the necessity of "mending or ending the Peers;" but few important speakers have indulged in extravagant threats, and the chances seem to be that if the Bill were passed on being presented to the Upper House a second time the Peers would be let alone. Some Conservatives take all this to mean that there is little genuine enthusiasm about the matter; but this is undoubtedly a mistaken interpretation of the facts. The great meetings which are being held deal with the subject in a comparatively moderate spirit, not because they are indifferent, but because they feel absolutely confident of success. They know that the question of the franchise is positively settled; and there is a general belief that the Lords will now permit it to be disposed of in the manner proposed by the Government. Should this anticipation prove to be ill-founded, there is much reason to fear that the discussion will be carried on in a very different temper; and it may be that the reform of the House of Lords will then become the foremost question of practical politics. Lord Salisbury may be willing to run the risk of provoking a really angry controversy; but it may be doubted whether his hardihood will be shared by all of those who supported him in the recent divisions.

COLLISIONS AT SEA.—"From rock and tempest, fire and foe, Protect us wheresoe'er we go." Thus run two lines of the well-known "Hymn For Those At Sea." It is significant that no mention is here made of what is probably in modern times the greatest peril to navigation, namely, the risk of collision, unless the idea may be regarded as included under the word "rock." Collisions are undoubtedly both more frequent and more fatal than they were in the olden days. Several reasons may be given for this. The narrow seas and great ocean routes are infinitely more crowded than they were; the discovery of a motive power independent of the wind has made it possible for two vessels proceeding in opposite directions to dash into each other with a violence formerly unknown; lastly, a pair of wooden ships might bump together without much harm, but when one or both are of iron, a total wreck, in spite of watertight compartments, is apt to ensue. During the last few weeks there has been a more than usually plentiful crop of collisions, both out at sea and in the Thames. If such disasters are numerous during the height of summer, the approach of winter, with its long nights and thick weather, may well be dreaded. But it does not appear that collisions are more numerous at one season than at another. The reason is that they are usually due to some neglect on board one or both of the colliding vessels; and that, human nature being what it is, such neglect is more apt to be developed in fine summer weather, when all the surroundings produce a sense of security, than on a dismal winter's night, when the air is as thick as peaseoup.

GATE-MONEY CRICKET.—The riot at the Oval the other day shows that we are threatened with an introduction of racecourse manners and morals into cricket. The Australians having only eleven runs to make to win, refused to play out the match before luncheon, and the crowd imagined that this was because they wanted the flow of gate-money to continue. As a matter of fact, the Australian Captain ordered that no money should be taken after the adjournment for lunch, but the readiness of the crowd in forming suspicions was a sign of the little confidence which is felt in starring troupes of cricketers who have taken to the game as a speculation. We have heard too much about the big hauls of gate-money which the Australians have been netting. If it be true that they are as clever at driving bargains as balls, and that they have on certain occasions stipulated for every sixpence of the admission money when playing on the grounds of first-rate clubs, we can only wonder that club committees should have yielded to such demands. We should like to know, again, why the status of "gentlemen" is allowed to the Australians playing for money. In cricket parlance, "gentlemen" are amateurs who play for sport, and it is etiquette to mark the difference between them and professionals in two or three little ways which are rigidly adhered to in the case of our English players. Thus, the English professional is not described as an "Esquire" on Lillywhite's scoring-cards,

nor does he dine at the gentlemen's tables in the pavilions. We do not say that the Australians are unfit for good company, but only maintain that an unsatisfactory precedent has been created in their favour which it may be difficult to set aside should a less reputable Eleven come over at any time for a sensational tour. The pecuniary success of the Australians has been so considerable, even in matches when they were thoroughly beaten, that speculators may well be tempted to form new outlandish teams, and we confess that we look upon this prospect without any sort of pleasure. The reason that Murdoch gave for suspending play at the Oval—namely, that the "ground was improving, and that he wanted to do the best for his side"—had a smack of the Turf about it, but not of the cricket-field such as we have hitherto preserved it, and should like to preserve it. A captain may think he owes a duty to those who have backed his team to win by so many runs or wickets, but we prefer the old style of captain, who looked upon cricket as a game, and ranked friendly courtesy towards the other side as chief among his duties.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—A certain school of English politicians is never tired of dilating on the advantages which England would derive from a cordial alliance with France. Recent events are likely to make a good many people doubt whether this school is as far-seeing as it believes itself to be. France has had an excellent opportunity of showing her goodwill by helping us in the task which we have undertaken—or which has been thrust upon us—in Egypt; and all the world knows how she has used it. On every possible occasion she has sought to thwart us. In Egypt itself she has intrigued against our officials; in Europe she has tried to raise up enemies against us; and she has not even pretended that her object is the promotion of the welfare of the Egyptian people. Whether we like the fact or not, the truth is that France has no love for England, and that she would be heartily pleased to see us involved in serious difficulties. Why should England be anxious to conclude an alliance with a country which plays so unfriendly a part towards her? The notion that an Anglo-French alliance is necessary for our interests sprang up at a time when the condition of Europe was altogether different from what it is now. Then we were, very much afraid of Russia; and Germany, being disunited was too weak to exercise any considerable influence on the general course of events. Unless, therefore, we had been content to stand alone, we had no alternative but to make advances to France. We may still have good reason to watch closely the development of Russian policy; but if by any chance Russia were to become our enemy, our natural ally against her would not be the French Republic, but the German Empire, which is likely for many a day to be the leading Power on the Continent. Germany is really the only State for the sake of whose friendship it would be worth our while to make important sacrifices. In almost every conceivable set of circumstances her support would be valuable to us; and if she were hostile, her enmity would be incomparably more damaging than the enmity of the French.

PAUPER EMIGRATION.—Those poor creatures are greatly to be pitied, who, being sent across the Atlantic because of their poverty and incapacity, are for the same reason ruthlessly sent back by the authorities in New York. The fact is that in this matter of emigration the interests of the Old World and the New (in which word Australasia and South Africa are to be included as well as America) are never precisely identical. The New World desires to import men of capital, energetic, unblemished in character, skilled in sundry handicrafts, strong, and muscular. The female emigrant should be clean, neat, alert, a capable cook, and of prepossessing aspect. Some of these, who may truly be styled Golden Colonists, the New World does get, but it does not get nearly so many as it would like, and it gets a great many more of a very opposite kidney. Transportation (except as regards the French) has ceased, let us hope for good and all. Still the Old World has an irresistible tendency to shoot its moral rubbish where it can. A character in "Pickwick," speaking of an unfortunate sausage maker, says, "He went to Merriker, and I wish the Merrikins joy of their bargain." This process has been going on ever since. Some young gentleman forges or embezzles, or shows an uncontrollable propensity for strong drink. Then we hear that his friends have sent him abroad. This means America or Australasia. Sometimes he reforms, but more often he does not. The drunkard remains a drunkard still, while the man with a felon's stain on his scutcheon, and who has probably never attempted hard bodily labour, is driven into fresh crime by sheer inability to get employment. The Australians complain, and with justice, that England sends them nowadays little except ne'er-do-wells and consumptives. Some of these days the New World will demand from all intending settlers a certificate of moral health, unless indeed they bring plenty of money with them. Capital covers a multitude of sins.

PUNISHED FOR CORRUPTION.—Canterbury, Chester, Oxford, and Gloucester are famous historical cities, but in common with Macclesfield, Boston, and Sandwich they are to be disfranchised because some voters in them have been found guilty of taking bribes at elections. Is not this penalty a queer survival of mediæval high-handedness and injustice? That a loss of character must be as prejudicial to a city as to an individual can hardly be questioned. A virtuous Govern-

ment may shake its head at a corrupt city, and refuse to consider its grievances or advance its interests; but, oddly enough, we allow a discharged convict to vote while disfranchising thousands of citizens who have committed no offence, but have simply had the bad luck to get a few rogues mixed up among them. We doubt whether anywhere out of England whole constituencies would submit to be disgraced and injured for the misbehaviour of a few individuals. The acquiescence of English towns in the law's punishment is of course a good thing; but supposing the disfranchised cities were to do like the lady who struck against the Queen's taxes the other day, because she had no vote? Such a movement, if conducted with spirit and union, could not be easily overcome: at least, it would give a good deal of trouble, and the Government would look rather foolish in coping with it. Frankly, the outlawry of towns has no principle of equity to recommend it; and it is the more unjust because we pretty well know that none of the large cities are likely to be visited with such a penalty. We may conceive that corruption might be detected in Birmingham, but we cannot imagine that pugnacious city being disfranchised. What would Mr. Schnadhorst and the Six Hundred say if they were deprived of their favourite occupation because a few weak-kneed fellow-townsmen had been caught pocketing the guineas of some "Man in the Moon?"

GENERAL GORDON.—The Vote of Credit for the Relief of General Gordon has been so favourably received that Mr. Gladstone must be disposed to regret that the proposal was not made long ago. Even yet an expedition may be unnecessary, but the country now knows that if Gordon is believed to be in serious danger a resolute effort will be made to save him. Some extreme Radicals have tried to prove that he has broken his contract with the Government, and that the country is therefore under no obligation to do anything on his behalf. It is true that his talk about "smashing the Mahdi" was rather wild, but too much has been made of a passing phrase to which he does not seem to have attached any very grave significance. Gordon was sent out not only to deliver the garrison of Khartoum, but to "take the most effective measures for the establishing of an organised Government in the different provinces in the Soudan, for the maintenance of order, and for the suppression of revolt and incitement to revolt;" and, so far as is known, he has done nothing that is incompatible either with the letter or with the spirit of these instructions. Even, however, if he had acted too independently, that would not have absolved the Government from the duty of protecting one who at a time of extreme peril generously placed his services at their disposal. Gordon's position is one of so much difficulty that it would not have been surprising if he had committed some mistakes; and if England deserted him, she would make herself an object of contempt to the whole world. Now that the Government are definitely pledged to guarantee his safety, it may be hoped that they will reconsider one of the questions with which his name will always be associated—the question, namely, whether Khartoum ought or ought not to be abandoned. He has never wavered in his belief that this important town ought to be retained; and many politicians who at one time doubted the wisdom of his opinions on this subject have been forced by events to admit that he is right.

RESULTS OF BAD COOKERY.—Those who desire that the poor should be better instructed in the culinary art will find a powerful argument in support of their views in a case recently reported at the Worship Street Police Court. A man has been committed for trial for violently assaulting his wife, and the provoking cause, according to the poor woman's own evidence, was defective cookery. The husband declared that some fish which she had left for his supper was unfit to eat. At his request she made him some gruel. But it was burnt and thick, and then to make it thin she added some water. This was not a very appetising beverage, and he declined it also. Despairing apparently of her culinary efforts the husband sent her for some rum. This, at all events, it might have been expected would be palatable. But alas! the poor misguided woman fetched it in a bottle which had contained hair oil. Even the rum was undrinkable. Then he fell upon her, and beat her so savagely that for two months her life was despaired of. We know nothing of the history of this woman, but should not be surprised to hear that she was a born Londoner, who had worked in a factory up to, or even after, her marriage. Girls thus brought up are too often devoid of the commonest domestic accomplishments such as country-bred girls learn almost intuitively. They get their meals ready prepared from a cook-shop, and too often spend their evenings in what is called "pleasuring." The result is that they can neither cook, nor do anything to render a working man's home comfortable. It is in this direction, and not in the direction of book-learning, with which the poor are overdone already, that more education is urgently needed.

KISS IN THE RING.—By some the last Bank Holiday has been described as a rowdy nuisance, a carnival of penny squirts, overcrowded trams, dust, and drunkenness; but to others, who are inclined to make the best of things, it will seem that the manners of our London crowds are infinitely better now than they were some years ago. It was

impossible to stroll among the enormous hordes of people who blackened the parks last Monday without being struck by their general orderliness and good humour. There was far less drunkenness among them than is to be observed in a French national *fête* or a Belgian "Kermesse." One little fact proves it, and this is that so many young men and girls were to be found playing at Kiss in the Ring. This old English game, so startling to the prudery of the foreigner, really argues much innocence of morals. A number of people form a ring; a girl challenges a man to kiss her by touching him on the arm, then makes a run for it, is chased and brought back into the middle of the ring, where her captor kisses her. This is repeated again and again, couples being seen to fly in every direction; but it is a game from which the dissolute and drunken are quickly excluded, because they cannot play according to rules. A girl must not be caught roughly, nor kissed with impropriety; her partner must lead her nicely into the ring, and lift his hat when he takes the reward of his successful run. All this is often done very prettily, and, notwithstanding what our French friends say about the English taking their pleasures sadly, the young people who play at Kiss in the Ring appear to think it very good fun. Let any observer stand to watch the game, and he will see how quickly a dead set is made against any fellow who tries to behave rudely with the girls. A hearty smack on the face followed by the jeers of the ring is the least he can expect, and as some of our beef-eating damsels have heavy hands, the smacker may usually be seen slinking off, and swearing that he has got among a low lot. Another thing to be noted on a Bank Holiday is the passion of our people for dancing. A valse from organ or band is enough to start countless couples of them, and it is surprising to see how gracefully some of these untaught young Londoners move to measure. Those who have no thought of "showing off" naturally do it best.

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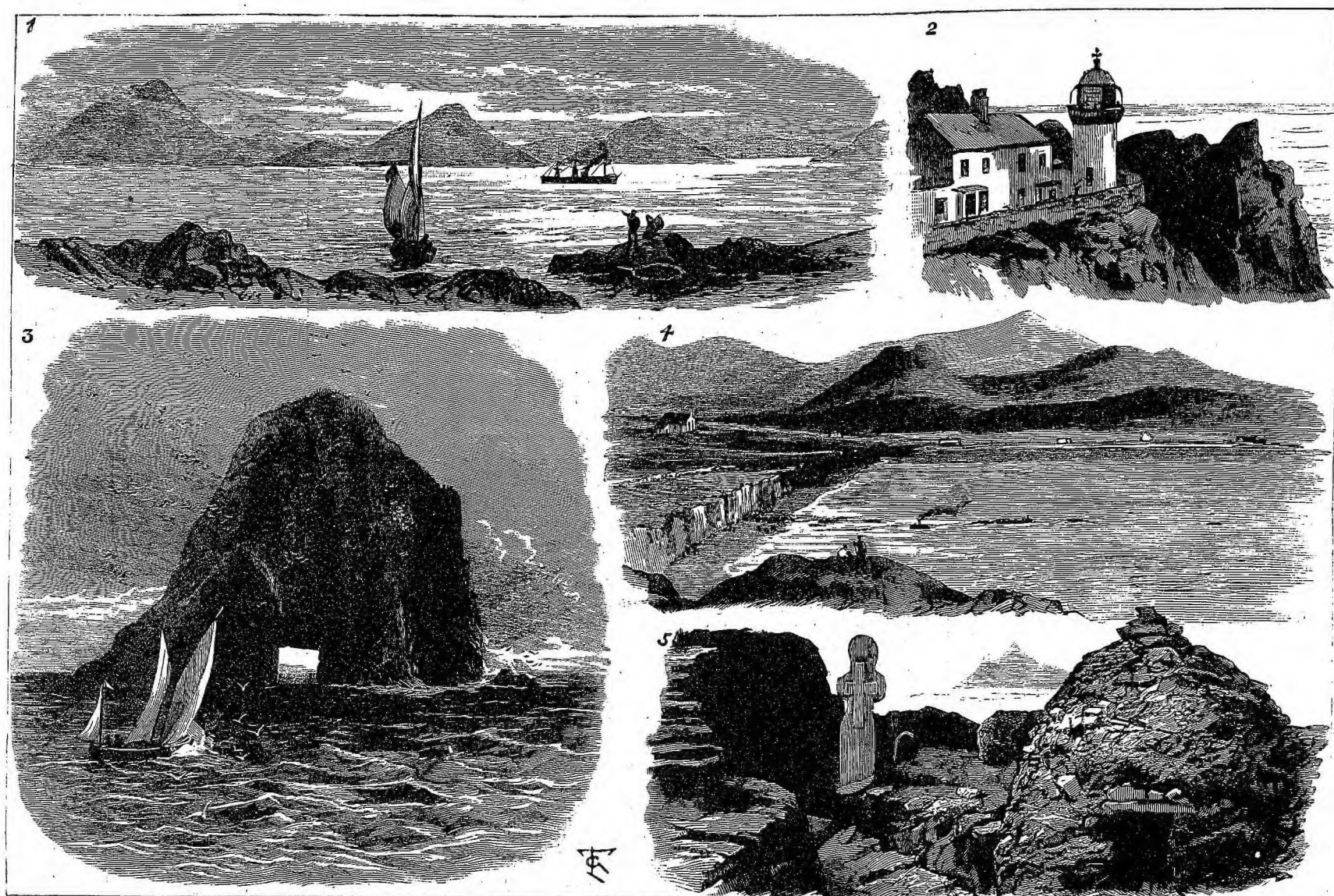
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KNOCKING DOWN A WILD-BEAST SHOW

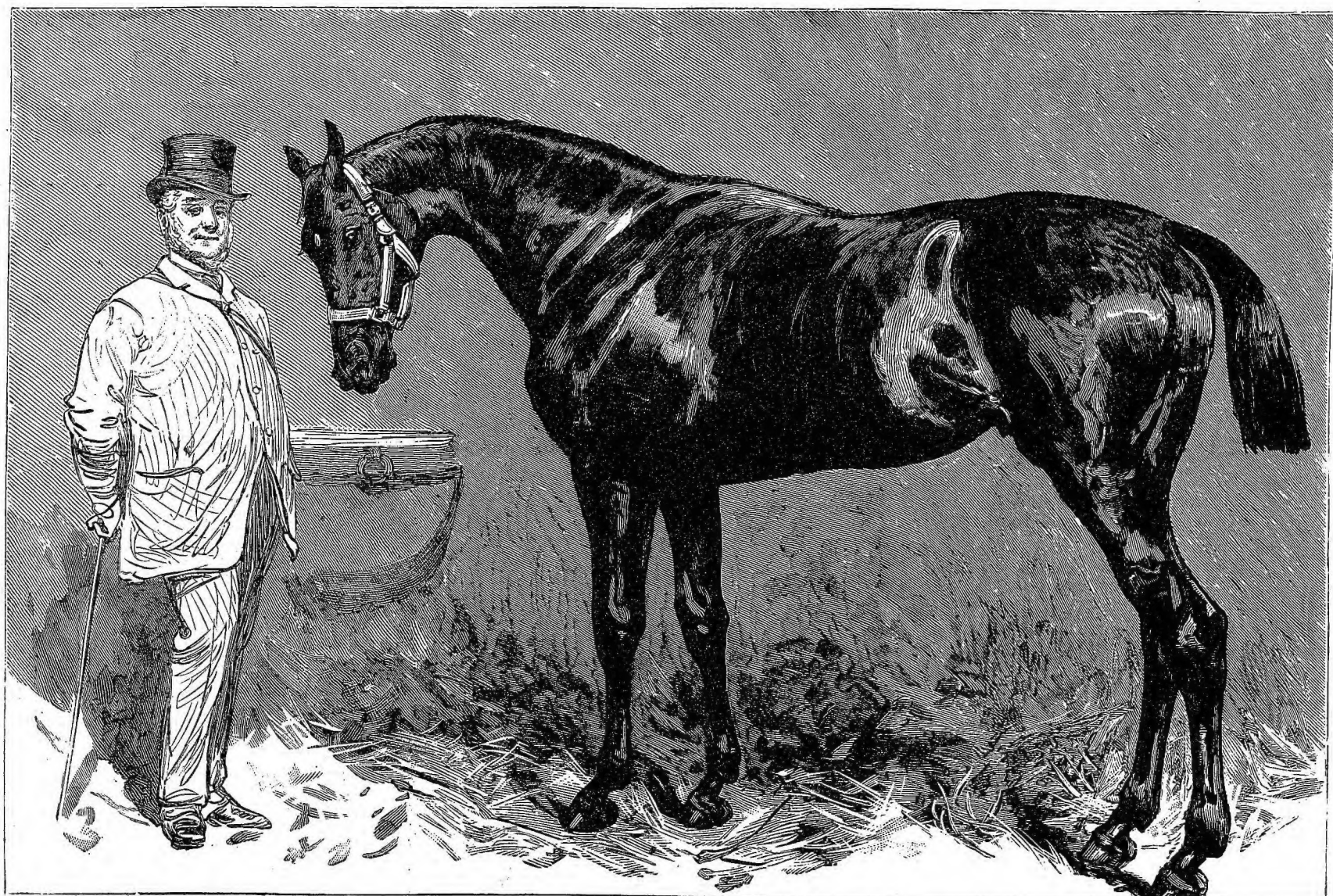
WITH the closing days of July vanished a once-famed English institution—Wombwell's Travelling Menagerie. Eighty years ago no zoological collection of any importance existed, and Mr. Wombwell was the first, in 1805, to form a really comprehensive menagerie, which speedily attained immense popularity throughout the kingdom. The first purchase, we believe, was a pair of boa constrictors for 75s.; but with great enterprise he spared neither time nor money to obtain rare specimens, giving 1,000s. for the first living rhinoceros imported into this country.

At his death he left the menagerie to his niece, Mrs. Edmonds, who had managed the show for some years previously. After travelling with her animals for nearly half-a-century, Mrs. Edmonds determined to retire, and not having been able to find a purchaser for the menagerie in its entirety, sold the animals by auction at Liverpool. Considerable interest was naturally taken in the sale, and all the well-known dealers in wild animals were represented; but the prices attained do not appear to have been high. Thus Wallace, a magnificent lion, whom the auctioneer, Mr. George Nichols, justly described as the largest, handsomest, and finest specimen ever imported into this country, "a perfect model, and selected as such by several leading animal painters and sculptors," was knocked down for 200s.; while the great African elephant Emperor, only a few inches shorter than Jumbo, was bought by Mr. Sanger for 100s., his first bid—that gentleman declaring that he would eat his hat if he did not make 1,000s. out of him in less than twelve months. Of the other animals, the baby hyena, depicted in our illustration, fetched 4s. 8s.; while Jerry, the "great rib-nosed, blue-faced mandril," realised 130s. for Mr. Hagenbeck of Hamburg. A wild cat fetched 4s. 4s., a group of six performing lions 370s., a zebra trained to harness 125s., a pair of dromedaries, equally talented, 140s., four performing hyenas 45s., and four performing leopards 210s. One brown bear, described as a fine specimen, only realised 30s.



1. The *Faraday* Entering Ballinskelligs Bay.—2. Lower Lighthouse on the Great Skellig.—3. The Bull Rock off Dursey Head, Where the New Lighthouse is Being Constructed.—4. Landing the Shore End of the Cable by Means of Boats and Rafts.—5. Beehive Cells on Great Skellig.

LANDING THE SHORE END OF THE GORDON BENNETT ATLANTIC CABLE, IN BALLINSKELLIGS BAY, IRELAND



ST. SIMON, WINNER OF THE GOODWOOD CUP



PREPARING FOR A ROYAL VISITOR--A SKETCH AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, PADDINGTON

THE GORDON BENNETT ATLANTIC CABLE

THESE engravings—which are from sketches by the Rev. W. S. Green, of Carrigaline, County Cork—represent the landing of the shore end of the Gordon Bennett Atlantic Cable in Ballinskelligs Bay, County Kerry.

The *Faraday* cable ship arrived in the Bay on the evening of June 26th, and at eight next morning landed the shore end by means of boats and rafts. A trench three feet deep was dug in the sand on the beach, and the cable buried in it. The end was passed up the cliff to the house prepared for it a short distance inland. As there was a heavy swell on the beach, the men engaged were clad in cork jackets, and got a good tumbling about in the surf.

The Lower Lighthouse on the Great Skellig is 150 feet above the sea. The Higher Lighthouse, 270 feet above the sea, is no longer used. In stormy weather the waves breaking on these islands shoot up the vertical precipices to a great height. On one occasion the yard of the Higher Lighthouse was so filled by the crest of one sea that the wall was burst outwards.

On the Bull Rock (300 feet high), off Dursey Head, the new lighthouse is being constructed to replace the Calf Light, which was destroyed about three years ago. In the aperture which pierces the Bull the water is very deep, and the sides and roof are smooth faces of rock. Immense numbers of gannets frequent the rock in the breeding season.

The Beehive Cells and a ruined chapel in the lower summit of the Great Skellig, about 700 feet above the sea, are the remains of an ancient monastery. In the records of Inisfallen there is an account of the death of the Abbot of the Skelligs in the middle of the ninth century A.D. The Skelligs are the most westerly sentinels of Ireland.

"ST. SIMON"

MANY owners have spent long lives and big fortunes on the Turf, and have yet failed to have been the possessors at any time of a thoroughly good animal, while others almost at the very commencement of their career have by luck or judgment at once secured first-class thoroughbreds, and won classic races with them. The Duke of Portland, a comparatively recent accession to the racing world, is fortunate enough at the present time to possess probably the best two-year-old in Rosy Morn, and undoubtedly the best three-year-old in St. Simon, the subject of our illustration.

St. Simon is a bay colt by Galopin, the winner of the Derby in 1875, out of St. Angela, and was bred by the late Prince Bathynany, whose death caused his disqualification for the Derby this year. Those learned in pedigrees know from the parentage of St. Simon that he has in him the blood of Voltigeur, Flying Dutchman, Harkaway, Birdcatcher, Bay Middleton, Blacklock, Sir Hercules, and other celebrities; and after his racing career is over he will be among the most valuable of English sires on the ground alone that he is a son of Galopin. He made his debut as a racehorse at Goodwood last year, when he won the Hainaker and a Maiden Stakes. Subsequently he won the Devonshire Nursery at Derby, carrying 8 st. 12 lbs., and the Prince of Wales's Nursery at Doncaster, carrying 9 st. It was also at Goodwood last year that the Duke of Richmond showed in brilliant colours, and hence the famous match made between him and St. Simon, and run over the Bretby Stakes course at Newmarket later in the year. Though by common consent the pair were adjudged the best youngsters of the season, St. Simon was made favourite at 2 to 1 on him, and won the match easily. This year St. Simon has won a "trial match" with the evergreen Tristan at Newmarket, walked over for the Epsom Gold Cup, won the Newcastle Gold Cup, and last week the Goodwood Cup, beating the Duke of Hamilton's two representatives, Friday and Ossian, last year's Leger winner, to a standstill. Thus he has an unbeaten certificate, and considering the certainty that the Duke of Richmond, on the strength of his excellent performances this year, would be a warm first favourite for the Leger, were he in it, St. Simon may claim to be far and away the best of our three-year-olds. Many good judges of horses and racing go so far as to say that he is the best animal we have had on the Turf in the memory of the present generation. There are some, however, found to take exception to his conformation in certain points, and perhaps he is not so taking to the eye as have been some Turf celebrities; but as, according to the proverb, a good horse may be of any colour, it may not be rank heresy to add that he may be of any shape. Next year St. Simon is in the Rous Memorial and Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and in the famous Eclipse Stakes at Sandown.

PREPARING FOR A ROYAL VISITOR

A ROYAL visit always raises a pleasing thrill of excitement, whether it be paid to a huge Corporation for the purpose of inaugurating some gigantic enterprise, or to a little hamlet to lay a foundation stone or plant a memorial tree, but nowhere is it more grateful than when vouchsafed to those institutions where our sick poor are so carefully nursed and tended in the hour of need. Both officials and patients—at least such of the latter as are able to move about—make glad some preparations to give their best greeting to their welcome guest, and the children are decked out to look their best and prettiest. The occasion on which our sketch was taken was the recent visit of the Princess Louise to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, for the purpose of opening the new "Mary Stanford Wing," which has been built from the bequest of the late Mr. G. F. Stanford in memory of his mother, and which will give an additional seventy beds to the hospital. In his speech, Lord Carlingford, the President, while thanking the Princess for her interest in the Institution, pointed out that the first stone was laid in January, 1845, by the Prince Consort, and that in 1865 the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of a new wing. Since the opening of the hospital in 1851, when it contained only fifty beds, it had given relief to more than half a million of patients—it now contains nearly 300 beds, and during last year relieved upwards of 25,000 sick poor. The cost of maintaining the new wing will entail an additional expenditure of nearly 3,000*l.* a year, for which at present there is no provision.

A HUNTING TOUR IN NEPAUL

The hosts on this occasion—which took place last winter—were Maharaja Sir Runodeep Singh, K.C.S.I., the Prime Minister of the country and a younger brother of the late Jung Bahadur, and Mr. Girdlestone, the British Resident at the Court of Katmandoo.

The guests included, among other gentlemen, Earl de Grey, son of the Viceroy, the Duke of Portland, Lord Wenlock, and Lord Charles Beresford. The journey was made by the new railway through Tirthoot to Bettiah, and thence partly in dog carts, and at last on elephants. These small pad elephants are trained to travel some eight miles an hour. The sport chiefly took place in the valley of Chilatoun, which is a vast preserve for elephants, rhinoceroses, and tigers.

Our illustrations are from photographs by Messrs. Johnston and Hoffmann, of Calcutta, who accompanied the party throughout their tour.

The Prime Minister is shown in full dress as a General in the Nepalese Army. The headpiece is composed mainly of diamonds and emeralds. A ruby of unique size and colour is alone said to be worth 20,000*l.*

The "Saddle-men," on whom two of the sportsmen are seated, are a Nepalese institution. Ladies of rank similarly have their riding-

women. The support of the riders is a narrow padded ledge fitting into the slope of the bearer's back, and kept in its place by waist-belt and shoulder-straps.

"The Resident's Horses" display a hill pony and three favourite Arabs of Mr. Girdlestone's. The rest of the stud were too fidgety for sun-painting.

"Native Shikarees and Skinners" need no explanation, but it is worth noting that the head of the rhinoceros is the only part of the gigantic beast which can be brought into camp intact.

In the last sketch the guests, after a formal durbar, are being shown by the Minister the spoils which he had collected during his tour before their arrival. He bade them take what they pleased as mementoes of their host.

The weather was bad during the visit, nevertheless the party were highly pleased with the hearty hospitality shown them, and the eight rhinoceroses and four tigers which they secured were items not to be despised.

MILITARY SPORTS AT CHATHAM

THE annual athletic sports in connection with the Medway Steam Reserve took place recently on a piece of ground at the Dockyard Extension, in the presence of a large company, among whom were Admiral Watson, Captain Lord Walter Kerr, Colonel-Commandant Bland-Hunt, A.D.C. &c. The Royal Marine Band, under Sergeant Watson, played a capital selection of music.

There were in all some three and twenty events. We have illustrated three of the Obstacle Races, which are self-explanatory, and the Hammock Race. The conditions of the latter are, to turn out, lash up properly, run the 400 yards' course carrying the hammock, and to be inspected. Everything passed off most successfully. Our engravings are from sketches by Lieut. C. Field, R.M.L.I., H.M.S. *Pembroke*, Chatham.

GAO, TONKIN, WHERE THE FRENCH HOPE TO FIND GOLD

MR. COLQUHOUN, to whom we are indebted for this sketch, does not explain whether the auriferous expectations of the French are based on any sound geological facts. The scenery of the locality indicated—in all about 600 yards in extent—consists of rocky cliffs, covered with trees and bushes, which find an anchorage for their roots in the crevices. The rocks are about 800 feet high. A stream rises in a grassy hill, and bears away towards the right. The houses represented are thatched, they have square holes for windows, and stand on piles. In the background appears a mandarin in his palanquin, with his umbrella in front and a dozen or so of followers with spears, swords, and bucklers; in the foreground are two Annamese sharpshooters, with guns slung over their shoulders.

TRAVELLERS FROM FOREIGN CLIMES

WE have above described the sale of a collection of educated four-footed and feathered and naturalised emigrants from across the seas, and here show the arrival of some of the raw material, from which the highly talented denizens of a well organised menagerie are recruited. Sailors are great importers of the smaller fry, and bring over monkeys, avadavats, and parrots galore, frequently educating them a little too highly for the general taste—inasmuch as their future owners are somewhat embarrassed by the pocket-picking tendencies of Jocko, and find their cockatoo, like the bird in Henry Byron's showman's song, can "out-talk any cock-a-three." Some of these arrivals are bought by private individuals, but the majority find their way into the depots of one or other of the great animal dealers, who know the best purchasers for every species of animal, from a "frisky hippotamus" to a spider monkey.

ALNWICK

See page 137 *et seqq.*

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 145.

THE ISLAND OF RÜGEN

See page 150

"TOOTING'S KILT"

KILTS have become a mania. The War Office attempted to curtail them—not in length but in number—but the spirit of Old Gaul was aroused, and there are more kilts than ever. Dorset labourers enlist, and become apparently genuine Highlanders.

T. Macgregor Tooting caught the infection. He went to the shop for the real thing. He saw some startling patterns, and got tartan on the brain. The result was splendid—he was photographed for the delectation of his family circle—he took lessons in rising and sitting—he got rheumatism in the knees. He appeared at a Mansion House ball with true Highland fling and yells. But pressure caused him to surrender, for the ladies did not approve, and now the whole of the young Tootings appear in public clothed from their papa's wardrobe.

NOTE.—Mr. F. J. Williamson, the sculptor of the statuette of the Princess Alice of Albany, resides at Esher, not Godalming, as stated in our last week's issue.



MR. GLADSTONE'S new Mid-Lothian campaign promises to be a brief one. After two days' speech-making at Edinburgh to his constituents, he proceeds to Invercauld, on the 2nd or 3rd of September, as the guest of Colonel Farquharson, and is expected to attend the Braemar gathering on the 4th.

AT THE INSTANCE of the President, Lord Granville, the Conference on Egyptian finance was adjourned *sine die* last Saturday, the 2nd inst. M. Waddington, representing France, proposed an adjournment until the 20th October, but Lord Granville declared this proposal to be inadmissible, as well as the discussion of another, also made by the French plenipotentiary, respecting the payment of indemnities by the Egyptian Government.

LORD NORTHBROOK is to proceed to Egypt in the course of the present month, and probably with the title of High Commissioner, in order to investigate the administrative and financial situation, and to report on it to the Government. Lord Northbrook will retain during his absence his seat in the Cabinet, and the First Lordship of the Admiralty.

LIBERAL DEMONSTRATIONS in support of the Franchise Bill have been held at Darlington, Southampton, Gloucester, and Peterborough, among other places. On the Bank Holiday there was a monster mass meeting in Birmingham, followed by an enthusiastic evening gathering of some 20,000 persons, which was addressed by Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Bright dealt chiefly with the history and composition of the House of Peers, criticising the various projects which have been broached for its "reform," and giving the preference to a previous suggestion of his own, which he

now explained and expanded, namely, that the Peers should retain their power of rejecting or amending a Bill sent up to them from the Commons, but only once; if it was sent up to them a second time, their power to reject or amend it should cease. Otherwise Mr. Bright did not propose to alter the constitution or composition of the Upper House. Mr. Chamberlain said that the opinions which he had formerly expressed on the subject of a house of hereditary legislation remained unchanged. If, he added, the House of Lords rejected the Franchise Bill during the autumn Session, the present agitation must go on even to the bitter end, and he for his part looked forward with eager hope to the result of the conflict.

THE ORATORS AT CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATIONS have been reinforced this week by Mr. James Lowther, who, at Kettering and Huddersfield, spoke his mind freely, as is his wont. On the Bank Holiday Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. W. H. Smith addressed a gathering of Conservatives in connection with the annual demonstration of the London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association, which was held, by permission of the present owner, in the grounds of the late Lord Beaconsfield's seat, Hughenden Manor. The *genius loci* prompted Sir Stafford Northcote to make several references, apropos of the Conference, to the contrast between Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy and that of the Government. He spoke, too, of the surprise which Lord Beaconsfield, if alive, would have expressed on hearing the Conservatives charged with hostility to extension of the franchise. Lord Beaconsfield was not afraid to trust the people in the boroughs, nor would he have been afraid to trust the people in the counties. Rather would he have hailed with joy the prospect of a large addition to the electorate, provided the proper means were taken for carrying that measure out. Mr. W. H. Smith intimated his belief that the depression in trade and the stagnation of employment were due to a general want of confidence as to the future of this country. He asked where there was to be found a single trace of that capacity for administration which gives confidence in the future to the trading classes, to all those who have property to lose, and who wish to acquire property. There was absolutely none.

A CONFERENCE, convened by the newly-formed House of Lords Reform League, was held in London on Wednesday. Sir Wilfrid Lawson was the principal speaker. A resolution was carried affirming the necessity for such an alteration in the law as will prevent the House of Lords from "continuing to thwart and defeat the will of the people."

THE DIFFERENCES between Lord Randolph Churchill and the Conservative leaders, as well as those which existed in the Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations, have been adjusted. On the motion of Lord Randolph, unanimously agreed to by the Council, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has been appointed his successor in its Chairmanship. A dinner was afterwards given to the members of the Council by Lord Salisbury, who proposed, in cordial terms, the health of Lord Randolph Churchill, and he in turn proposed that of Lord Salisbury.

MR. TREMAYNE, who formerly sat for East Cornwall, is the Conservative candidate for the vacancy in the representation of South Devon, caused by the retirement of Mr. Carpenter Garnier. No Liberal candidate has as yet appeared.

SIR ALEXANDER MATHESON, after having represented Ross and Cromarty since 1868, has announced his intention of applying for the Chiltern Hundreds, as his health will not permit him to attend the Autumn Session. There is some talk of a triangular contest for the vacant seat, between a Liberal, a Conservative, and a Crofters' candidate.

THE GOVERNMENT HAVE PROMISED 300*l.* to the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the relatives of the crew of the *Nisero*. Other donations to the amount of 200*l.* are promised, and the Dutch contributions will reach 600*l.* About 1,500*l.* or 2,000*l.*, it is believed, will be sufficient for the object contemplated.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL has declined the Presidency of the Royal Commission on Shipping, appointed as a sequel to the withdrawal of Mr. Chamberlain's Merchant Shipping Bill. The post had previously been offered to and declined by Lord Cairns and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon successively.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND has accepted the Presidency of the Marriage Law Defence Association, vacant since the death of the late Duke of Marlborough.

PAYING A VISIT OF SYMPATHY at St. Bartholomew's Hospital to the two constables who were recently wounded severely by burglars at Hoxton, the Home Secretary and Sir E. Henderson informed them that, as a reward for their gallantry, they are to be promoted to the rank of sergeant.

A MEETING OF THE PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE of the promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal was held on Tuesday in that city to consider the position of the scheme now that their Bill has been thrown out by the Select Committee of the House of Commons, chiefly on the ground that the canal as projected would be injurious to the estuary of the Mersey. It was agreed to proceed with an alternative project which would not be liable to this objection, and a resolution to that effect was carried unanimously.

OF THE 1,000*l.* being raised to defray the cost of the approaching visit of a British Volunteer Artillery contingent to Canada 537*l.* has been subscribed, the subscriptions including one of 25*l.* from the Prince of Wales. Her Majesty the Queen has presented a prize of 100*l.* to be competed for by the British and Canadian Volunteer Artillery at the meeting in Quebec next month.

AT THE OPENING of a First International Conference on Education, held at South Kensington, and initiated by the management of the Health Exhibition, Lord Carlingford presided, and there was a numerous attendance of official and other representatives of the chief countries of the world, including some from the United States and from Japan. Lord Reay, the President of the Conference, delivered an elaborate and discursive address, in which he advocated freedom of education as opposed to a stereotyped State system, technical and agricultural education as opposed to the monopoly of the three "R's," and adherence to the maxim, *Non multa sed multum*, which could only be carried out by bifurcation.

A CHARTER has been granted by the Crown to incorporate a governing body for the St. Paul's Hostel, the object of which is to provide for the residence and education of natives of India at the University of Cambridge. Mr. Robert Potts, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has founded and endowed the Hostel, is nominated in the Charter as its first Principal.

THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, a memorandum drawn up by its Council intimates, will probably erect its first laboratory on the shore of Plymouth Sound, a Committee of the Town Council of that town having offered a suitable site free of cost, with a contribution of 1,000*l.* Among the subjects of the special investigations to be conducted as soon as the laboratory is erected will be the conditions affecting the fall of oyster spat and the reproductive and general economy of the common sole.

PRESIDING at the opening of the forty-first annual meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Duke of Northumberland delivered the inaugural address in which he sketched the early history of Northumberland, and pointed out that in the antiquities of the North of England could be traced the history of the country from the time of the Ancient Britons to that of the Norman Conquest.

THREE PARCELS CONTAINING DYNAMITE, with fuses and percussion caps attached to each, were found on Sunday night at the Central Post Office, Nottingham, when the basket into which posted letters fall was emptied. The necessary investigations are being made by the police.

BETWEEN TWELVE AND ONE on Sunday morning there was a collision in the Thames, attended by lamentable loss of life, about 3¼ miles below Gravesend, between the large iron screw steamer *Camden* of London and the *Dione* steamer of 600 tons plying between London and Stockton-on-Tees. The *Dione* was steaming down the river, and the *Camden* was being towed by two tugs up stream, when the tow-line of one of the tugs snapped, and the *Camden* swerving struck the port-side of the *Dione*, with such force as to stove it in. The *Dione* sank in a very few minutes, during which the spectacle presented by the terrified passengers of both sexes and of all ages, especially in the efforts of parents to save their children, was heartrending. Immediately after the collision the *Camden* cast anchor, and sent a boat, one of several which arrived on the scene, to rescue the passengers and crew. Of the fourteen passengers, however, eleven, among them five children, were drowned, and ten of the crew, which comprised nineteen men and a boy all told. The captain was struck as the vessel heeled by a large piece of wood which stunned him, but he was among the saved.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of Margaret, Lady Herschel, widow of Sir John F. Herschel, the distinguished astronomer and scientist; of Mr. J. D. Lewis, who from 1868 to 1874 represented Devonport in the Liberal interest, in his fifty-sixth year; of Mr. Isaac Moses Marsden, the head and founder of the firm of "E. Moses and Son," widely known so long as he remained connected with its management; of Mr. George F. Pardon, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Captain Crawley," the author of several popular works on billiards and other games of skill; and of the Rev. Charles Reed, Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and son of the late Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board. Mr. Reed met his death near Pontresina, when descending the Morteratsch Glacier. His foot slipped, and he fell over a precipice of 100 feet, striking in his descent a projecting rock.



THE monotony of midnight squabbles over Irish votes has been varied this week by events in Parliament of Imperial interest. On Saturday the Conference met for what proved to be the last time. Mr. Gladstone, yielding to the pertinacious demand of Lord Randolph Churchill, had consented to vary the arrangement originally made, and instead of waiting till Monday to communicate the result, had promised to do it on Saturday. The sitting was specially arranged with the object of working off the Irish Constabulary Vote. The constituents of Mr. Parnell and his followers have a deeply-rooted antipathy to the police, and it was highly necessary that hon. gentlemen should make a splash on this particular vote. With that view a whole Saturday was devoted to them. The over-worked Speaker, Chairman of Committees, and officials of the House, having sat on the average till three o'clock in the morning through every sitting of the week, were deprived of the solace of Saturday. From twelve o'clock till six the Irish members had what may be described as "a high old time" among the police, paying off many old scores.

At this hour Mr. Gladstone was in his place, having lately quitted the Cabinet Council held upon conclusion of the Conference. If he had had sufficient firmness to resist Lord Randolph's capricious demand to forestall the ordinary period of communicating with the House, business might have gone forward, and the Irish members, at that moment almost pumped out, would have concluded their genial denunciation of the custodians of order in Ireland. But having been rashly led into engagement to make his statement on Saturday, the Premier, to the great joy of the Parnellites, interposed at six o'clock, and suggested that the vote should be forthwith taken in order that he might address the House. The Irish members could not possibly have gone on for more than another hour, nearly every man having delivered his speech. The interposition of the Premier gave them an opportunity of protesting against discussion being cut short, and whilst they consented to take the vote, they plainly intimated that on the report stage they would begin the discussion *de novo*, an undertaking scrupulously kept.

Having, at the price of a wasted day, secured his opportunity, the Premier made the statement about the Conference, which in the rapid course of events seems now a part of ancient history. The failure had been brought about by a fatal difference of opinion between France and England. To put it briefly, France desired in the first instance, and at whatever cost, to secure full payment of dividend to the bondholders. England, on the other hand, desired at some cost to the bondholders to secure the fellaheen from oppression, and the bare means of subsistence for the Egyptian Government. The Conference over, there remained the question of what the Government proposed to do, a question Mr. Gladstone would have been better able to answer if he had not fallen into the trap laid for him by Lord Randolph Churchill, and hurried breathlessly from the Cabinet Council to tell the House of Commons that the Conference had failed. As it was he could say nothing; and though no one could fairly expect that he should announce with detail a policy made necessary by an event that had happened within the past two hours, the appearance of hesitation and indecision was well calculated to damage the Ministry. The sitting ended in a noisy wrangle, the Government wanting to resume Supply, and the Irish members refusing. The last sardonic touch was given to the scene by Lord Randolph Churchill siding with the Irish members, and actually moving that Supply be taken on Monday, instead of being forthwith continued, which was pretty well for the gentleman to oblige whom the Premier had brought business into this melancholy mess, and wasted a dearly-bought sitting.

There were not many more than a hundred members present at the fullest hour of Saturday's sitting. On Monday something like two hundred had gathered to witness a scene, the anticipation of which would, at an earlier period of the Session, have brought together a House crowded from floor to ceiling. It was a critical moment for the Opposition. They had been waiting for an opening to renew the abortive attack upon the foreign policy of the Government, which had collapsed with the melancholy end of the third Vote of Censure. Sir Stafford Northcote was to ask the Premier what facilities he would afford for discussing the Egyptian policy of the Government, and upon his answer much depended. If he declined to give a day, Sir Stafford Northcote himself had been wound up to the necessary pitch of moving the adjournment, in order to force a debate. If he named a day, it would then be the duty of the Conservative leaders to decide upon the form their resolution should take.

Mr. Gladstone set aside all prearranged schemes by the quiet announcement of two departures in Egyptian policy. He gave notice of his intention to move a vote of credit on account of an expedition to relieve General Gordon, and he further piqued curiosity by mentioning that on the following day he would com-

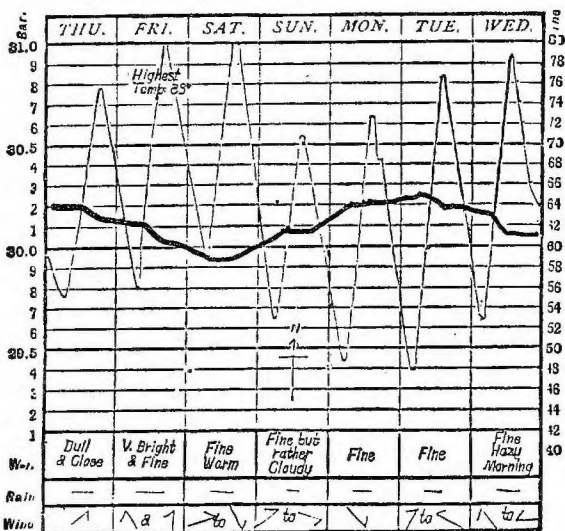
municate to the House "a step of some importance" which the Government had decided upon. These remarks, dropped in a conversational manner, completely thwarted the Opposition. Sir S. Northcote was clean bowled over, vote of censure, motion for adjournment, and all. He could not move till the next evening, it being absolutely necessary that he should be in full possession of knowledge of Ministerial policy before he framed his own. What had threatened to be a lively sitting suddenly became transformed into an ordinary meeting, with nothing more exciting than the Diplomatic Vote for discussion. On Tuesday the House gathered in increased numbers to watch the unfolding of a story skilfully doled forth in parts, and vastly increasing in interest. When the time came for Mr. Gladstone to make his announcement his place was empty. He has grown habituated of late to delay his entrance till five o'clock, that being the hour at which questions usually draw near to a close, where a cluster awaits Mr. Gladstone's personal notice. But questions, like all other forms of vitality in the House of Commons, are rapidly dying away in the cold shade of the approaching Prorogation. There were less than thirty on the paper on Tuesday, and, what is of more importance from the point of view of time, questions of which due notice had been given were not supplemented by angry catechism gone through *viva voce*.

The consequence was that at twenty-five minutes to five the preliminary business was accomplished, whilst the Premier was still in Downing Street all unconscious of the rapid passage of events. The telephone was put into agonised operation, and in the mean while a little talk was made by Lord Hartington, who suggested that the Speaker should leave the Chair for a few moments. This was absolutely necessary, since the Rules of the House provide for no pause or break in the course of business whilst the Speaker is in the Chair. If he remained there the Orders of the Day must needs be called on, and the Premier's opportunity be lost. The Speaker, nothing loth, left the Chair, but in the passage was nearly run down by the Premier, who, without waiting to take breath, managed to get through his statement, which was happily brief. Its effect was that Lord Northbrook was to be sent to Egypt as High Commissioner, his mission being to inquire into the state of affairs, and advise Her Majesty's Government as to what counsel they should give the Government of the Khédive, a significant way of phrasing it which shattered the newly-awakened hopes of those who still hanker after a Protectorate.

After this Mr. Gladstone moved in Committee of Supply for a Vote of Credit of 300,000, on account of an expedition for the relief of General Gordon, which he was at some pains to show was by no means certain to be required. The vote, cordially supported by the Conservatives, met with some opposition from the quarter in which Mr. Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson sat, but was on a division carried by an overwhelming majority. Whilst this discussion was going forward the Conservative Leaders were in council in Sir Stafford Northcote's room, debating as to the course they should take in this new state of affairs. It was finally decided not to move a resolution of any kind. Thus ends a long and varied history of a resolution actually formulated, placed upon the Orders of the House of Commons, smothered by a vote of the House declining to discuss it, carefully nursed through many weeks, and now finally abandoned. With this decision all appearance of vitality has left the House, which has devoted the remainder of the week to winding up its business.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JULY 31 TO AUGUST 6 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the greater part of the British Islands during the past week has been continuously fine, warm, and dry, with occasional mist or light fog locally. In the west and north-west, however, less settled conditions have prevailed, dull skies, with showers and squally winds, being experienced. During the first few days of the week areas of high pressure lay over Northern Scandinavia and France, and while a depression lay over the Baltic, others skirted our western and north-western coasts in a northerly direction. The barometer at first fell steadily generally, but by Sunday (3rd inst.) a recovery set in everywhere except Scandinavia. Gradients over England were slight, and light westerly breezes or calms prevailed at most places, accompanied by fine, warm weather. Over the west of Ireland and north-west of Scotland, however, gradients for southerly and south-westerly winds became steep, and the wind in those localities blew strongly, particularly on Saturday (2nd inst.), when a fresh south-westerly gale was reported from Mullaghmore. The weather was dull and showery, and temperature fell somewhat. During the closing days of the week an anti-cyclone travelled across England from the south-westward in an easterly direction, and excepting at the extreme western and north-western stations, where the wind remained high and the sky dull, fine weather continued to be experienced generally. Temperature has been fairly high by day, but (towards the latter part of the week) low at night for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30.28 inches) on Tuesday (5th inst.); lowest (29.94 inches) on Saturday (2nd inst.); range, 0.34 inches. Temperature was highest (83°) on Friday (1st inst.); lowest (48°) on Tuesday (5th inst.); range, 35°. No rain has fallen.

A VOYAGE IN A PAPER CANOE from Paris to Marseilles has been undertaken by a Gallic oarsman, who is travelling by the Seine through the canals into the Saone and Rhone. Nothing but hardened and carefully-prepared paper has been used in the manufacture of his frail bark. Paper bottles are now being made in Germany, and answer well.

A STATUE TO GEORGE SAND is to be unveiled to-morrow (Sunday) at her favourite home, La Châtre, in Berri. The famous novelist sits on a grassy mound, holding a pen in one hand and an open book in the other, while the figure is draped in the Arab bournous which George Sand usually wore at Nohant. M. Aimé Millet is the sculptor, and the statue is erected by public subscription, the State giving the original block of Carrara marble.



THE REMARKABLE SUNSETS OF LAST AUTUMN promise to re-appear this season. For several nights past the sunset effects in the Yorkshire Wolds have been magnificent, the sky being one mass of gorgeous colouring.

THE PEDESTAL OF THE COLOSSAL FIGURE OF LIBERTY, which France presents to the Americans, is at last being prepared for the statue, after much delay in raising the necessary funds. The corner stone has now been laid at Bedloe Island, New York, with great ceremony.

DISINFECTION is carried out with such zeal by the Italian authorities just beyond the Swiss frontier that two railway cars carrying chloride of lime and carbolic acid to Chiasso actually underwent the required process. It is questioned whether these disinfected disinfectants lost their strength or acquired a double virtue.

ALPINE FLOWER LOVERS who find the beautiful mountain blossoms becoming yearly more rare will be glad to hear that a Society for the Protection of Alpine Plants has been formed in Geneva. For some time past the Edelweiss has been legally protected in some cantons, as the plant threatened to become extinct, thanks to its reckless destruction by tourists. Now only the blossoms are allowed to be gathered.

LONDON UNDER QUEEN BESS.—We have received an admirable fac-simile of "The first edition of Braun and Hogenberg's interesting plan of London, from the Civitates Orbis Terrarum (1572)," which has been reproduced for the Topographical Society of London. A reprint of the Reports of the Society, with engravings of old buildings that have lately been pulled down, will shortly be issued, and Visscher's long view of London is being reproduced.

THE VENUS OF MILO has been partially restored whilst the sculpture galleries in the Paris Louvre were closed to the public for alterations. The various injudicious plaster additions to the figure have been removed, and the pillar at the goddess's side has been so placed as to show that part of the drapery it had hitherto hidden. The fragments of two arms and a hand, as well as the little Hermes found at the same time as the statue, are now exhibited near the Venus. Talking of the Louvre, the Thiers collection bequeathed to the nation will soon be opened.

THE OBSERVATORY BUILDINGS ON BEN NEVIS are being added to, and the work will be finished by October, in time for the winter observations. The most important addition is a tower, where Mr. Omond and his assistants will be able to take outdoor observations in severe weather when they could not otherwise get outside the buildings. Anemometers to determine the state and force of the wind will be placed at the top of the tower.—Meteorology is now being enthusiastically studied by the Japanese. Twenty-three observatories are at work in the Empire, and reports are sent thrice daily to the central observatory at Tokio, where they are published for the public benefit.

MR. BLAINE'S NOSE is an unfailing source of ridicule for his political opponents—Transatlantic caricatures being generally more graphic than refined. The Republican candidate for the United States Presidency has a remarkably large nasal organ, whose unusual size is uncharitably ascribed by his enemies to intemperance, but is really due to an accident in childhood. When a schoolboy young Blaine was told that a mischievous lad in a wooden shed close by was preparing to play him a trick. The planks of the shed being far apart, Blaine peeped through a chink, but his nose was caught by the boy on the other side, and so severely wrenched as to show the effects ever afterwards.

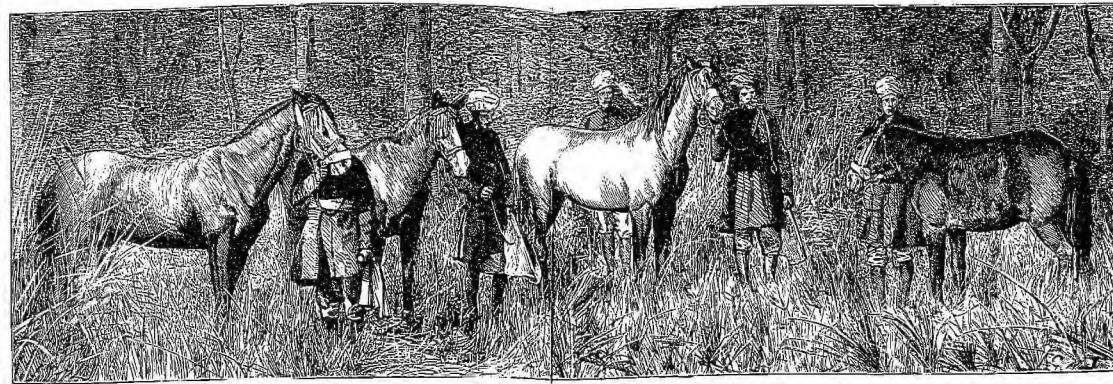
THE NATIONAL GALLERY has acquired a valuable painting of the Crucifixion, by Antonello da Messina. Hitherto the artist's well-known panel in the Antwerp Museum was supposed to be his only representation of this subject, but the present work had passed unnoticed owing to its remaining in private hands. The pictures are somewhat similar, but the English acquisition is dated two years later—1477—and is more forcibly treated, having been executed at the time of Antonello's best work. The two thieves seen in the Antwerp painting are omitted, and different attitudes given to the Virgin and St. John, who sit at the foot of the Cross, while the landscape background, in Van Eyck's style, is particularly beautiful. The picture, however, is damaged, and the top has been carelessly cut away.

ARISTOCRATIC FANCY BAZAARS have even invaded Japan. Tokio has been highly astonished at the sight of Japanese princesses and ladies of rank selling at a charity fair—the first event of the kind in the Mikado's empire. Japanese ladies have lately formed a benevolent society to help their poorer sisters in sickness, so they organised this bazaar in aid of the Tokio Charity Hospital, and furnished the stalls mostly with their own work. Another sign of the advance among Eastern women is the publication of a Bombay magazine written exclusively by Parsee ladies. This magazine, the *Street Bodhi*, or "Female Instructor," was established many years ago to provide light literature for native homes, and the editor resolved to bring out a special feminine number to show what the much-condemned Parsee girl of the period could do. The chief contributions are adaptations from the English, together with a mass of poetry "rich in sentiment," but badly constructed.

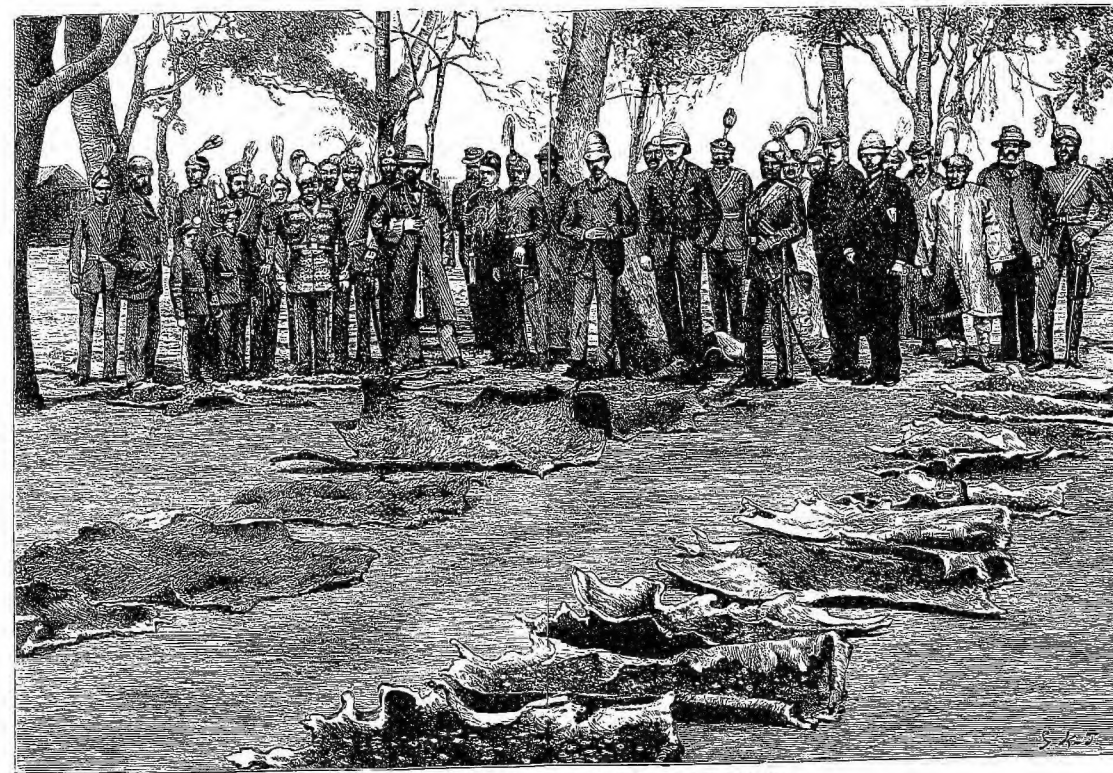
FURTHER DETAILS OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION furnish a melancholy picture of the winter spent at Camp Clay, Cape Sabine, Smith Sound, where the survivors were ultimately found. The miserable hut, where twenty-five men existed for seven months, consisted of rude stone walls, inclosing a space of 25 by 17 feet, and roofed in by a whaleboat covered with tent and sail canvas. Five feet of snow were heaped up all round, to keep out the wind. Inside the walls were so low that the men could barely sit up in their sleeping-bags. Fuel was so scanty that it could only be used for cooking, and the smoke often drove the men outside. Thus the sole warmth was derived from clothes and the sleeping-bags. As the sun disappeared from October till February, all light was obtained from a wretched Esquimaux seal-oil lamp, and even then only one man could read at a time by crouching close to the lamp, so that turns were taken in reading aloud. Lieutenant Greely did his utmost to divert his followers' minds. They read every scrap of literature over and over again, and were delighted with the bits of paper wrapped round some lemons which one of the unsuccessful relief vessels had left the year before. These lemons, by the way, were most valuable, a quarter being served out on Sundays to each person. Every day some lecture was given, followed by a discussion, personal adventures being the subject for Saturdays. Another amusement was to sketch out a bill of fare of what each would like when relief came, while even when the rations were fast disappearing every man chose his dinner for his birthday. No one was allowed to sleep longer than two hours at a time lest he should fall into a fatal torpor. The first death occurred in January, and from that time the unfortunate members succumbed one by one. The last rations were issued on May 14, and the accounts of the last days of the colony's sufferings are almost too painful for repetition. Talking of Arctic exploration, the well-known Dutch Polar vessel *Willem Barrens* has again started northwards, and was last heard of at Vardö on the 15th ult.



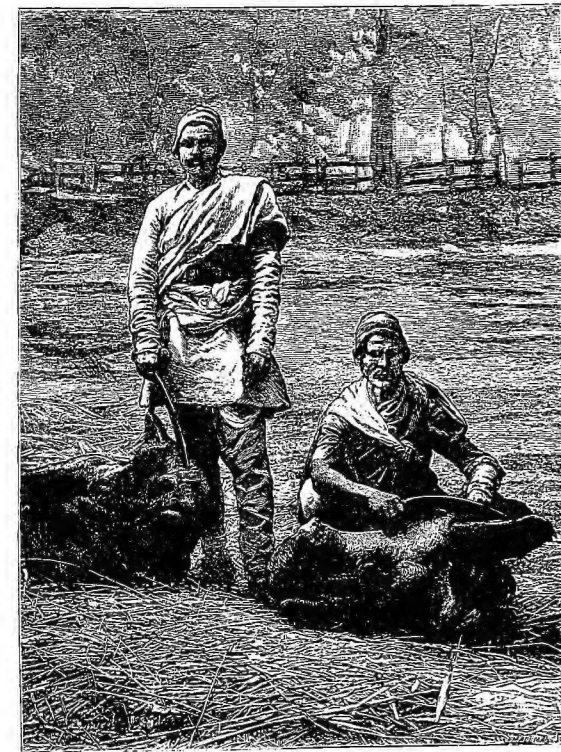
EARL DE GREY AND THE DUKE OF PORTLAND ON SADDLE-MEN



THE RESIDENT'S HORSES



AN OPEN DURBAR: THE TROPHIES OF THE CHASE



NEPAULESE SKINNERS



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND HIS BIG GAME



NEPAULESE SHIKARIES AND DOGS



THE MAHARAJAH SIR RUNODEEP SINGH, K.C.S.I.
Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of Nepal

A HUNTING TOUR IN NEPAUL, BY THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, EARL DE GREY, LORD WENLOCK, AND LORD CHARLES BERESFORD



THE failure of the London Conference has aroused warm discussion, but little surprise, on the Continent. Foreign opinion is greatly divided as to whether the collapse is a defeat or an advantage for England. In the main, however, the British policy is unfavourably criticised, while the Ministry are warned that the failure of the deliberations does not imply that Europe waives her right to interfere in Egyptian affairs, and means to leave England to do entirely as she pleases. Naturally FRANCE deeply feels the summary rejection of her proposals. Thus the Anglophobia which had temporarily subsided has burst forth with renewed vigour. The majority of the Gallic Press pass bitter censure on British "dishonesty," "mercantile selfishness," Lord Granville's "Machiavellian policy," and the like, but the better enlightened journals take a more moderate view, and expend their disappointment in predicting the overwhelming difficulties England will now encounter. GERMANY is scarcely more friendly in her comments, and her official organ violently accuses the English Press of trying to foster enmity between France and Germany. Both there and in AUSTRIA much stress is laid on Prince Bismarck's supposed influence in the matter, which tended to isolate England, and especially on the introduction of the Germany sanitary proposals. Austria, however, takes a more kindly and hopeful view of the situation than her neighbours, while ITALY decidedly favours the British action.

In EGYPT itself Major Kitchener has been well received at Dongola. He seems inclined to believe in the Mudir, and will accompany him to the battle-field of Debbeh to test the truth of the reported conflicts. He has seen Gordon's supposed letter, which is written in Arabic, while the messenger who brought the epistle states that no news reaches the General from outside. Sixteen thousand rebels continue the siege, but the British officers are well, plentifully provisioned, and have seven armed steamers. The letter has been sent on to Cairo by the Mudir, who asserts his loyalty more loudly than ever, and telegraphs that he could free the Soudan with 7,000 additional men. Major Kitchener strongly advises reinforcements being sent, and states that the inhabitants seem very little disposed to join the Mahdi. It is feared, however, that the powerful Bishareen tribe, who lately met in council, have declared for the False Prophet—now stated to have transferred his head-quarters from El Obeid to Lake Robat, owing to want of water. These tribes, however, could be avoided if a relief expedition followed the route Major Kitchener has surveyed, i.e., up the Nile by boat to Dongola, and thence across the Desert to Khartoum—as he reports that there is plenty of water and the climate is better than expected. Meanwhile native information declares that the Sultan of Zanzibar has deputed the caravans for the White Nile to invite General Gordon to leave Khartoum by that route, as the journey is only 1,500 miles, and mostly by water. This version supports Mr. Stanley's recent suggestions. Two of the Turkish battalion who lately mutinied at Assiout have been shot, and nine others sentenced to penal servitude.

The cholera epidemic in FRANCE seems happily to have spent its worst virulence. True, the disease repeatedly appears at fresh places—the worst affected being Vigne, in the Ardèche—but the attacks are mostly mild. At Toulon and Marseilles the situation is decidedly better, though great heat prevails, and the refugees return in large numbers, so that a recrudescence might be expected. Mortality fluctuates—the daily death-roll has been down as low as five at Marseilles, but both towns are resuming their normal inhabited aspect. Still, it will be long before the population recover from their distress. Since the cholera broke out on June 25 at Marseilles 1,238 deaths are recorded—a much smaller proportion than in previous visitations, although the people themselves were far more panic-stricken than formerly. Investigations have proved that cholera actually existed in Marseilles last year, but was concealed by the authorities, and it is no wonder the disease re-appeared, considering the sanitary condition of all towns in this neighbourhood. M. Clémenceau, who has closely inspected the district, spoke warmly on this matter in the Chamber, and urged the Government not to leave reform to the local authorities, but he met with little support, as the cholera scare has decidedly worn itself out in Paris. Quarantine regulations are also greatly relaxed as futile—an opinion rapidly growing in ITALY, which sorrowfully acknowledges that all her vexatious regulations have not excluded the cholera, while her less careful neighbours have escaped completely. Though in a mild form, the disease has gained decided footing in Piedmont, thanks to the refugees, and scattered cases are reported elsewhere. Panchieri suffers most, but the authorities are really energetic, and the Government tries to allay public alarm by publishing official bulletins. Some of the isolated villages rebel considerably, but there is very little panic, and the worst complaints come from the frontier lazarettos, where some 8,000 unfortunates are penned up. Spanish and Roumanian quarantine detention is equally stringent and badly managed.

To return to FRANCE, even the cholera excitement has paled before the political situation. The meeting of the Congress at Versailles to revise the Constitution has produced a series of riotous scenes almost unequalled even in uproarious Gallic assemblies, and which reflect scant credit on serious politicians. The Chamber having passed M. Ferry's "decapitated Bill," the Congress met on Monday, and from the very opening was turned into a perfect Bedlam. Speakers struggled to drown each other's remarks, and nearly came to blows, the President was perfectly unable to keep order, and the Premier and M. Andrieux, former Prefect of Police, well nigh fought for a hearing in the tribune. At last M. Ferry managed to read his Bill, and the Committee to consider the measure was chosen on Tuesday, when the previous day's disturbances recurred on a milder scale. The Committee selected favour the Bill, and have reported against all amendments, except M. Andrieux's proposal to prevent all members of families which have reigned from obtaining the Presidency of the Republic. The report was presented next day amid much uproar, and an angry discussion followed, prolonged over Thursday. Still, the determined obstruction from both extreme Radicals and Reactionaries effectually crushes M. Ferry's hopes of getting his Revision Bill quietly disposed of in one or two sittings. After all, the Bill merely requires that the Republic shall be declared "established for ever," and that public prayers and Life Senatorships be abolished. Whatever the result may be, M. Ferry's credit promises to suffer, his difficulties being complicated by the present aspect of the Chinese question, which was vaunted as such a triumph for the Premier. But France hesitates to begin hostilities, and though the Chinese Government refuse to pay the indemnity demanded, and offer a much smaller sum, so that negotiations are said to be suspended, the only retaliatory step yet attempted is Admiral Courbet's occupation of the harbour at Kelung, in the island of Formosa. The European colony at Foochow are much alarmed, and the women have been sent to foreign vessels for safety. Meanwhile the young King of Annam, whom the French established, has died, and is replaced by his brother. The Recidivist Bill, which has so alarmed Australians, threatens to reappear next

Session; and though the Government only propose to send one-fifth of the convicts to New Caledonia and the rest to Cayenne, the arrangement promises fully to justify the Colonies' anxiety. Prince Napoleon has published a fresh manifesto, with his stereotyped cry of "appeal to the people."

The Emperors of GERMANY and AUSTRIA met on Wednesday at Ischl. Although this friendly meeting is now a regular annual institution, the public in general do not fail to comment on its political character, especially as the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Kalnoky, joined the party. Emperor William was received with the customary cordiality, the Austrian Emperor greeting him at Ebensee, while the Empress was waiting at the Ischl station. The two Sovereigns drove out, dined, and went to the theatre together, and the German Emperor left for Berlin on Thursday. Berlin is somewhat sore at the sudden police descent on the Russian colony. Over 2,000 of all classes and ages have received notice to quit, and the order falls heavily on many who have been settled there for years. The German Expedition to survey the southern districts of the Congo has started under Lieut. Schultze.

In HOLLAND the Congress of the States-General has almost unanimously passed the Bill nominating Queen Emma Regent, should the Princess Wilhelmine succeed to the throne whilst a minor. Should the Queen marry again another Regent must be chosen. The guardians of the little Princess will be decided by a Bill presented to the Chambers when they open their fresh Session next month. This important subject being settled, the *Nisero* question has again been discussed in the Second Chamber, and the Cabinet was roundly brought to book for the arrangement with England. The Foreign Minister warmly praised England's conduct, and the Government carried the day, although at first threatened with a vote of censure.

TURKEY strives hard to assert her independence in minor details, and thus just now is involved in petty squabbles with the European Powers. Bent on enforcing a longer period of quarantine on all arrivals from the Black Sea, the Porte nominated six new members to the International Sanitary Board to carry the point. Hitherto Turkey had only seven representatives in the Council, while the foreign States nominated thirteen, so the Board has refused to admit the additional delegates. The attempt to abolish the foreign post-offices ended in a comic *fiasco*. The Turkish steamer carrying the Ottoman mails and an Austrian vessel with those of the foreign post-offices started simultaneously for Varna, but the Austrians won the race, and the Turkish boat arrived four hours late, to find the express train gone off with the foreign mails, and their own left behind.

Sanitation occupies as much attention in INDIA as at home, and the bad state of Calcutta—long complained of by the European inhabitants—has caused a serious dispute between the Local Government and the Municipality. In accordance with a petition from the Calcutta residents the Lieutenant-Governor severely blamed the Municipality for their indifference, and suggested that they should organise a Commission of Investigation. The Municipality refuse this suggestion as an insult, and it is probable that Sir Rivers Wilson will appoint the Commission. The members of the Afghan Boundary Commission are unable to start, owing to the non-arrival of the Ameer's promise to ensure their safety. Unless they leave at once they will hardly reach Sarakhs in time to begin work before winter. Old Sarakhs, according to native reports, has been occupied by the Russians, the Governor of Merv having visited the town and left a force there.

The UNITED STATES continue firmly determined not to admit pauper emigrants. When appealed to by the Anchor Line the Treasury endorsed the Emigrant Commissioners' decision, declaring that the steamship agents must return arrested paupers. The Anchor Line agents long refused to comply, but are now settling the dispute. Another much-discussed topic is the issue of railway frauds revealed by the investigation of the Union Pacific Railway affairs. For years past the company, though paying its shareholders altogether nearly five millions sterling, has systematically disregarded the law giving priority to Government claims, until the debt to the State amounts to over six and a-half millions. These frauds exceed even those of the notorious Erie Railway, and until Congress decides on the matter the Government claims all the money earned. Most enthusiastic public honours are being paid to the survivors of the Greely Expedition. A grand naval reception and a popular procession greeted them at Portsmouth, where Lieutenant Greely's wife and mother met him, and a funeral service was performed over the bodies of the deceased members, which had been brought home preserved in alcohol. They will be finally interred at New York, where Lieutenant Greely was expected on Thursday. Though much better, the survivors still feel the effects of their long privation, and the constant interviewing and public attention prove very fatiguing.—Serious fires have been most prevalent lately in the States, and the loss last month exceeded that of any previous July. Now Jersey City, New York, has suffered from a most disastrous conflagration.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the Anarchists in AUSTRIA are furious at the prospect of their comrade Stellmacher being executed, and threaten terrible reprisals if the sentence is carried out. Accordingly, the date of the execution is kept strictly secret. An interesting Electrical Exhibition has been opened at Steyer, in Upper Austria, where water-power works the electric machines for the first time in this country.—In BELGIUM Mr. Stanley is with the King, at Ostend, conferring on Congo affairs; and the Liberals are highly wroth at the new Education Bill brought in by the Ministry, though the scheme is far more tolerant to the opposite party than the latter's sweeping measures when in office.—In GREECE the Palace at Athens has been seriously injured by fire.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Boers have been badly defeated by Montsioa's forces.



THE chief members of the Royal family are now assembled in the Isle of Wight. Thus the Queen and Princess Beatrice are staying at Osborne House; the Prince and Princess of Wales with their daughters are on board their yacht *Osborne*, lying in the Solent, while Prince George remains in the *Canada*, anchored close by; the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and their daughters occupy Osborne Cottage; and Princess Louise and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg are at Kent House. The Duke of Edinburgh and his son, now with the Channel Squadron, have also been to Osborne to see Her Majesty. On Saturday the Prince of Wales and Prince George visited the Queen, and in the evening the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with Princess Victoria and the Princess of Battenberg, dined with Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the German Royal party attended Divine Service at Osborne House, and afterwards the King of Sweden, and the Prince and Princess of Wales with Prince George, came to lunch. In the evening the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited Princess Louise and the Prince and Princess of Battenberg, while on Monday they walked to Osborne Cottage

to see the German Crown Prince and Princess. Later Her Majesty conferred the Order of the Garter on Prince George, and the Princesses Beatrice and Victoria took a cruise on the Solent in the Royal steam barge. Sir Leonard Tilley, the Canadian Finance Minister, and Lady Tilley were presented on Tuesday, when the Archbishop of Canterbury dined with the Queen.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday brought his daughters from town to Portsmouth to join the Princess, who had remained at Goodwood with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. Embarking on board the *Osborne* the Royal party steamed down Channel in company with the *Alberta*, carrying the German Crown Prince and Princess, to welcome Prince George in the *Canada*, on his return from a thirteen months' absence on the West Indian and North American stations. The vessels met just outside the Needles, and Prince George at once joined his parents on the *Osborne*, the *Canada* accompanying the Royal yachts back to Cowes. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales with their family, Princess Louise, and the Prince and Princess of Battenberg attended Divine Service on board the *Canada*. As usual the Prince of Wales takes an active part in the Cowes yachting festivities. His schooner *Aline*, which lies close to the *Osborne*, was to compete for the Town Cup on Thursday, and carried the Prince and his son on Tuesday to watch the race for the Queen's Cup. As Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron the Prince attends the business meetings, and presided at the Squadron's Annual Dinner on Tuesday night.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who has now taken the Channel Squadron to Berehaven, kept his fortieth birthday on Wednesday. The Duchess has been to Moscow with the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius, and is now with the Czar and Czarina at Peterhof.—Prince and Princess Christian have gone to Germany.—The King of Sweden goes to Scotland next week for the grouse-shooting, and will stay at the Earl of Breadalbane's residence, Taymouth Castle.—The mausoleum being built at Farnborough by the ex-Empress Eugénie to receive the bodies of her husband and son will probably be finished by October.



ON THE BANK HOLIDAY, by permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the grounds of Lambeth Palace were thrown open to the public, and they attracted a large number of visitors.

THE CANONRY OF WINDSOR, vacant by the elevation of Dr. Boyd Carpenter to the Bishopric of Ripon, has been conferred on the Rev. E. Capel Cure.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has re-consecrated the old parish church of St. Nicholas, Chiswick, which has been almost rebuilt, mainly by one of the churchwardens, at the cost of many thousands of pounds, and from the designs of Mr. Pearson.

THE RESTORATION OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL is progressing rapidly and successfully.

IN SECTION C of the International Conference on Education (the opening of which is referred to in our "Home" column), among the papers read were two on the same subject, Theological Teaching in Universities, the compositions of Professor Wace and Cardinal Manning, the latter not being present. In both, the teaching of theology in Universities was strongly advocated, Professor Wace's essay differing from that of Cardinal Manning chiefly in the stress which he laid on the necessity for applying theology when taught in Universities to the needs of practical life, and on the danger of treating it as a theoretical and abstract faculty.

DURING THE SUSPENSION of the Works at Tilbury Docks, by which between 3,000 and 4,000 men were thrown out of employment, the Committee of the Thames Church Mission gave a series of free breakfasts, each of which was thankfully partaken of by several hundreds of the destitute unemployed, and was followed by the delivery of an evangelistic address from one of the Society's missionaries.

ACCORDING TO THE REPORT presented at the annual meeting of the Church of England Working Men's Society, the number of its members is now 7,500. A resolution was passed against the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

A MONUMENT is to be erected in the course of the autumn to the late Dr. Moffatt, the African missionary (Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law), in his native village, Ormiston, near Tranent, in East Lothian. It is to be a granite obelisk, twenty feet high, on which the features of the zealous missionary will be presented in bronze relief.

AT THE LAST MEETING of the Council of the National Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead, it was proposed to re-engage the inscription over the tomb of Captain John Smith, the eccentric voyager, in St. Sepulchre's, where it has always attracted the visits of Americans in London.



PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concert Season will begin at Covent Garden to-night, when the new plan of transferable season tickets to all parts of the house will come into operation. Perhaps in order to counteract the attractions of the Health Exhibition, the musical arrangements have been made on an even more than usually elaborate scale. Mr. Carrodus will lead the orchestra, which includes such professors as Mr. Howard Reynolds, solo cornet; Mr. Julian Egerton, clarinet; Mr. Barrett, flute; Mr. E. Howell, violoncello; Mr. Dubrucq, oboe; and Mr. Hutchins, bassoon; with Mr. Gwyllym Crowe as conductor. On the opening night Mesdames Rose Hersee and Enriquez, Messrs. Maas and Santley will appear; and the engagements likewise include Misses Anna Williams and Annie Marriott, Mesdames Patey, Sterling, and Clara Samuelli, Messrs. Lloyd, Rigby, Hollins, Kearton, Maybrick, and Foli. The Floral Hall, illuminated with forty arc and four hundred incandescent lights, will be used as a smoking lounge.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Directors of this Society have concluded two most important engagements for next season. Sir Arthur Sullivan has been elected conductor, and this arrangement will assuredly secure the support of the *clientèle* upon which the Philharmonic Society chiefly depends. The second engagement is that of Herr Anton Dvorák to compose a symphony expressly for the Society, and conduct the first performance in person. It is also hoped that the season will not go by without the production of some new symphonic work from the pen of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

MR. GANZ' SILVER WEDDING.—A large party assembled to celebrate the Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Ganz. Among the

company were Sir Julius and Lady Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Edwards, Mr. Henry and Madame Rose Hersee, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Frost, Mr. W. D. Davison, and Signor and Madame Ardit. A small orchestra played in the course of the evening, and Mrs. Ganz sang the Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria" (violin *obbligato*, Mr. Charles Ganz) and her husband's newest bird song, "Dear Bird of Winter." Mr. Ganz's eldest son Henry played a violinello solo, and presented his parents with their portraits in oils. Miss Georgina Ganz sang "Deh Vieni." After supper, at which various toasts were proposed, there was a dance.

ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Carl Rosa has arranged with Mr. Augustus Harris to give next year at Drury Lane an extended English opera season of at least nine weeks, when Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's new opera, Mr. Joseph Bennett's adaptation of M. Massenet's *Manon*, and Mr. Marzials' version of Boito's *Mefistofele* will be added to the London repertory. The Carl Rosa company are now having a highly successful tour in Ireland. On their return to England they will find themselves confronted with no less than three English opera troupes. For one, headed by Madame Cave-Ashton, is announced the revival, under the composer's direction, of Sir Julius Benedict's *The Bride of Song*. This opera, in one act, set to a libretto by Mr. H. B. Farnie, was originally produced at Covent Garden in December, 1864. Between two of the other companies there seems to be a dispute about the title. At any rate, both call themselves "The Royal English Opera Company," and both apparently hail "from Covent Garden Theatre." The fact is that the troupe which appeared last Christmas at Covent Garden has split up. One party, headed by Madame Julia Gaylord, and including Misses Siedle, Parkinson, Kate Cook, and Lucy Franklein, Messrs. Packard, Hollins, Turner, Rousbey, A. M'Guckin, Sauvage, and others, have commenced a brief season this week at the National Standard Theatre, where they have appeared in *Il Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Marianna*, and other familiar works. The other "Royal English Opera Company," also called "The Original," have made arrangements with Mr. Carl Rosa for the performance of the *Bohemian Girl*, all rights in which it is believed expire in August, 1885. The list of artists includes the names of Mesdames Rose Hersee (one of the most popular of operatic artists), Blanche Cole, and Alice Barth, Mdle. Bauermeister, Miss Helen Armstrong, Messrs. Pierpoint, Arthur Salvini, Lyall, Dodd, Aynsley Cook, Fox, and Pyatt, with Mr. Cellier as conductor. It has already been stated that Mr. Gye is considering the advisability of an English Opera season at Covent Garden next year, with Madame Albani as *prima donna*. Altogether the prospects of opera in the native tongue seem more promising than they have been for many years past.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.—At the last meeting of the Court of Common Council the annual report was presented of the Guildhall School of Music. The school was established by the Corporation in 1880, with Mr. H. Weist Hill as principal. So rapid has been the growth of the institution, that it now numbers no less than 2,185 students; and 2,987 lessons are given weekly by 85 of the leading professors of the metropolis, to whom 12,992. was last year paid in fees. The school is now self-supporting, save as to a subvention of 2,100l. a year granted by the Corporation. So inadequate is the accommodation, that the Court is now asked to build premises worthy the first of the Municipal Schools of Music, and by far the largest music school in the world. In connection with the school are an amateur orchestra and a chorus.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Wagner's last opera, *Parsifal*, will be produced in concert form on the opening of the season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society in November. It is expected that Frau Materna will sing the music of Kundry, with Herr Winkelmann in his original character of Parsifal.—Madame Nilsson has left London for Carlsbad, whence she will return towards the end of next month.—Mr. A. J. Hipkins has accepted a position on the Sub-Committee of the Musical Instrument Exhibition which will next year succeed the Health Exhibition at South Kensington.—The Henry Smart Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music for composition and organ playing will be competed for next month. Males and females under twenty years of age must send in applications by September 13th.—Herr Joachim will direct the music on the unveiling of the Bach monument at Eisenach, on September 28.—Mr. A. J. Hipkins has contributed a note to Mr. Joseph Bennett's "Life of Chopin," in which he describes Chopin's first visit *incognito* to London in 1837, a visit not mentioned by other biographers.—Madame Patti is expected to return from Paris towards the end of the week. Next week she will entertain a party of friends at her Welsh castle, Craig-y-Nos.—It is reported that Mr. J. H. Mapleson has secured, under certain conditions, Drury Lane for a brief Italian opera season next summer.—The Bach Choir, under Herr Otto Goldschmidt, have announced a Bach concert at the Albert Hall, on March 21st, the alleged bi-centenary of J. S. Bach's birth. Members of the old Leslie Choir and others will assist in the chorus.



I.

THE controversy over the Franchise Bill figures prominently in the magazines for August. The *Nineteenth Century* is not behind the rest, and opens with contributions on "The House of Lords and the Country," by the Duke of St. Albans, Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, M.P., Mr. George Howell, and Viscount Lynton, M.P.; but none of these papers seem to go so near the heart of the matter as that of Mr. H. D. Traill, D.C.L. Another review, "Leprosy, Present and Past," by Miss Agnes Lambert, is a reminder that a disease working horrible mischief in New Testament times is still a scourge over a large portion of the world.—"The Prophet of Walnut-Tree-Yard," by the Rev. Dr. Jessop, is an entertaining historical sketch of the seventeenth-century prophet, "Lodowick Muggleton."—Mr. Archibald Forbes has a paper, "An American Criticism of the Egyptian Campaign," dealing with the comments of Commander Goodrich, of the United States Navy, on our naval and military operations in Egypt in 1882. There are other articles that will repay perusal.

Professor Seeley writes for the *Contemporary Review* a first article on "Goethe," a criticism as clear and profound as we should expect from such an author. "Our conception of Goethe," he says, "is completed, when we add to all the numerous and various excellences shown in his writings, that in the man himself, as he lived and moved, there was a spring of vitality so fresh ('a heart as strong as a mountain river'), that the mere story of his life without any help from strange adventures, the mere narrative of his undertakings, travels, plans, conversations, loves, and friendships is fascinating."—Mr. Matthew Macfie gives an instructive paper on "Party Government;" and Mr. H. D. Traill, D.C.L., states his opinion on the "Political Crisis" thus: "It is a fight between the two parties, not about enfranchisement, nor even about the principles of redistribution; it is a fight for 'the privilege of doing the work of redistribution.' The Liberals, being in power, naturally claim that right for themselves. The Conservatives, upon pleas to be noticed shortly, contest it; and though this issue has given rise, as is usually the case, to subsidiary disputes which tend to obscure it, it is and remains the 'bottom fact' of the situation."

In the *National Review*, a "Retired Politician" has an indignant opening paper, "Poisoning the Wells." The title suggests what the body of the article asserts, that false issues are being put before the people anent the rejection by the Peers of the Franchise Bill.—"The Amcer's Message" is a poem of some spirit, by Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B.—Most interesting of all, perhaps, is "Hodson, of Hodson's Horse," by Mr. T. R. E. Holmes. The writer seems to take a dispassionate view of the painful controversy that has arisen over the acts and character of one who, at least, was a most gallant and daring soldier.—We may also commend to notice "The French v. the London Missionary Society in Madagascar," by the Rev. Alfred Smith—written with a quite surprising impartiality, and likely to be praised by Frenchmen.

Besides the commencement of a new serial, "The Waters of Hercules," *Blackwood's* has an excellent short story, "Tommy," well deserving a place with the other separately published "Tales from *Blackwood*."—"Berlin in 1884" is brought to a conclusion, and, as we have before remarked, is written with evident knowledge of the subject.—"Justice to the Lords" is an article, characteristic of the magazine, on the great political controversy of the moment.

Macmillan's contains first in order a well-thought-out scheme of "Redistribution."—"Fiction in France and England" is in some sort a plea for realism and a lament over the decline of the great days of our romantic literature.—"A Scene in Florida Life" is an entertaining description of religious worship as it is understood and practised by the enfranchised negroes of the Southern States of America.—Mr. John Morley's "Review of the Month" is as interesting as usual.

The *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* makes its first appearance as "A monthly journal devoted to all subjects connected with Her Majesty's Land and Sea Forces." It is handsomely got up, the printing leaves little to be desired, and the illustrations are capitally done. The frontispiece is a negative by Brown, Jones, and Bell of Mr. Caton Woodville's picture, "Saving the Guns at Maiwand." Much of the matter in such a magazine is of course technical, as "The Action of Fired Gunpowder in Guns," by Mr. Lynam Thomas, and Colonel C. B. Brackenbury's article No. 1. on "Tactics."—Of more general interest to outsiders will be found "Heroism of Women of War," by Major W. J. Elliott, a vigorous narrative of the Battle of Salamanca, and the part played in it by Mrs. Dalbiac, who accompanied her husband, a cavalry colonel, throughout the Peninsular War.—"Battle Painters of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. Athol Mayhew, is chiefly confined to the art work of Mr. Caton Woodville. The new magazine does not want distinguished contributors, and will probably meet with the success it certainly deserves.

In *Belgravia* "The Lover's Creed" and "The Wearing of the Green" pursue the even tenor of their way.—The short stories "The Child of the Phalanstery," "Dr. Jerrold," and "Tzigge" are fairly good.—Mr. Richard A. Proctor writes "Upright Man," a popular scientific article.

Mr. E. Ingersoll contributes to the *Gentleman's Magazine* "The Red Man in a New Light." The novelty consists in this, that the writer shows that the Indians were not merely hunters and warriors, but farmers on a considerable scale.—Miss Maitland concludes her valuable paper on "Madame de Krüdener."—"Alma-Mater on Sea," by Mr. A. Alexander, is a well-written history of the University of St. Andrews.—Mr. Head defends the Portuguese traveller, "Fernando Mendez Pinto," from the charge of utter mendacity. Whether successful or not, his plea merits careful reading, and the paper is amusing.

Among the most noticeable features in *Time* are, besides the serials, a short tale, "Jan Alger," of North Devon life a century ago, by Mr. Abby Williams, and an astronomical article, "Sun Spots," by Mr. T. Perkins.

The frontispiece in the *Portfolio* is an etching "Meal Time," by Mr. W. Strang.—In "The Story of an Imaginative Painter," Mr. A. H. Palmer gives an eloquent biographical narrative of the life and work of his father, the late Mr. Samuel Palmer.—Mr. Alfred Church contributes "Pangbourne and Mapledurham," a pleasant, prettily-illustrated article on some of the more beautiful features of the Thames Valley.—Miss Julia Cartwright writes characteristically about "S. Apollinaris in Classe," the ancient church in the suburbs of Ravenna.

An illustrated school magazine is a novelty on this side the Atlantic. The *Greyfriar*, which is now before us, makes a most promising debut. The whole number is the product of Carthusian hands, most of the illustrations being by boys now in the school. Among these are a capital etching of Eashing Bridge, a picturesque spot on the Wey, near Godalming, by P. Robertson, and some clever drawings of Old Charterhouse by R. E. Knightley. Engravings of the Great Halls at Old and New Charterhouse, by Mr. S. Robertson and E. H. Blakesley respectively, together with some minor sketches, make up an excellent first number. The letter-press is not, perhaps, quite up to the level of the illustrations; but there is a Hunting Song with plenty of "go" in it, and an interesting paper on the "Carthusian Monks as Artists."



THEATRES

GIVEN a pair of twin brothers strongly resembling each other in outward appearance, yet in their avocations so wide apart that one has become a learned Bishop, while another has sunk into the condition of a waiter at a seaside hotel, the problem how to make these twain efficient factors in a farcical comedy is one which obviously would not be likely to put any very severe strain upon the invention of a dramatist practised in his art. Mr. Joseph Derrick's efforts have, it is true, been somewhat crippled by the scruples of our Licenser of Plays, who, in the interests of decorum, has deprived his Bishop of episcopal functions, leaving him, in fact, nothing but the black gaiters and the semi-clerical garb of a learned professor. Yet, as one is staid, courtly of speech, and although decidedly self-seeking is the object of profound respect in a wide circle of friends, while the other is illiterate, possessed of a vein of saucy humour, and moreover inclined to indulgence in intoxicating drinks, the moral contrast at least is sufficiently marked to enable the author of *Twins*, which was brought out at the OLYMPIC on Saturday evening, to construct a very amusing variation upon the theme of the play of Plautus in a new version of *The Comedy of Errors*. The success of the piece owes much to the humour and power of characterisation of Mr. Righton, who plays both the parts referred to. His task was the difficult one of maintaining the strong outward resemblance while constantly indicating the inward difference of nature; and in this he is thoroughly at home. Of the other characters it is sufficient to say that they are played by Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Miss Ritta, Mr. F. Desmond, Mr. L. Cautley, Mr. J. W. Bradbury, and other members of Mrs. Conover's company with the brisk vivacity which pieces of this eccentric class demand.

Mr. Burnand's new version of *Black Eyed See-usan* at the ALHAMBRA is something more than a refurbished edition of an old and popular burlesque. The author has adapted himself to changed conditions, and re-written for the vast stage of the new house, a

piece which was originally designed for the miniature theatre in Dean Street; so that if we have now got rid of the submarine prologue and the topical allusions of 1866, we have on the other hand scenic display, dances around the maypole and on the deck of the *Polly-phemus*, with many other picturesque incidents; and lastly, an entire set of new songs to tuneful music, composed for the occasion by Mr. Alexander Lee. It is hardly less important to observe that the management have secured in Mr. Arthur Roberts, a representative of Captain Crosstree who, if he does not entirely console us for the loss of the late Mr. Dewar, is still a very amusing representative of that gallant, gay, but too susceptible officer. Mr. Danvers, the original Dame Hatley, reappears on the occasion in his old part, and is thus the only connecting link between the original cast and the new one. Miss Mulholland enacts the part of Susan, and sings with good effect the songs of that persecuted partner of the faithful William, who is merrily represented without the traditional blonde whiskers by Miss Bonehill.

In an American piece with the somewhat feebly punning title of *Dollars and Sense*, Mr. Daly's New York company at TOOLE'S Theatre have found a better opportunity of showing us what they can do than they have hitherto enjoyed. There is a national flavour about the play which gives moreover an additional and welcome touch of novelty to the performance. In the part of an old Pennsylvania Quaker, who is visited with an unseemly hankering after the frivolities of the world (we could have wished that the dramatist's fantastic humour had spared our quaint and inoffensive friends the disciples of Fox and Barclay), Mr. James Lewis establishes his claim among us to be regarded as a comic character actor of very original powers. Mr. G. H. Gilbert was hardly less successful in a part of a fresher and more sober cast. Miss Ada Rehan, on the other hand, has not yet succeeded in removing the impression that her style is somewhat unrefined and artificial.

Although some of our theatres not only keep open doors but are even decidedly prosperous—the EMPIRE, the GAIETY, the GLOBE, the PRINCE'S, the SAVOY, the STRAND, and the ADELPHI being perhaps the most notable examples—theatrical enterprise in London has now reached its lowest ebb. The HAYMARKET nevertheless re-opens this evening under the management of Mr. Brookfield with an excellent company; and that it is possible to achieve a managerial success, even in the heats of August, is shown by the instances cited. The chief piece at the Haymarket will be a new version by Mr. W. H. Pollock of a French comedy to which the name of *Evergreen* is given. In this Mr. Conway, Mr. Brookfield, Miss Julia Gwynne, Miss Augusta Wilton, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Stuart Dawson, and others will take part. The programme is completed by a revival of Dibdin's musical drama, *The Waterman*, in which Mr. Herbert Reeves will play the part of Tom Tug.

The revival of *Twelfth Night* at the LYCEUM is the subject of an interesting article from the pen of Mr. William Archer, which appears this month in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Pending the production of a new romantic spectacular drama by Messrs. Harris and Pettitt, DRURY LANE will re-open in September with a revival of *The World*.



PASTIMES

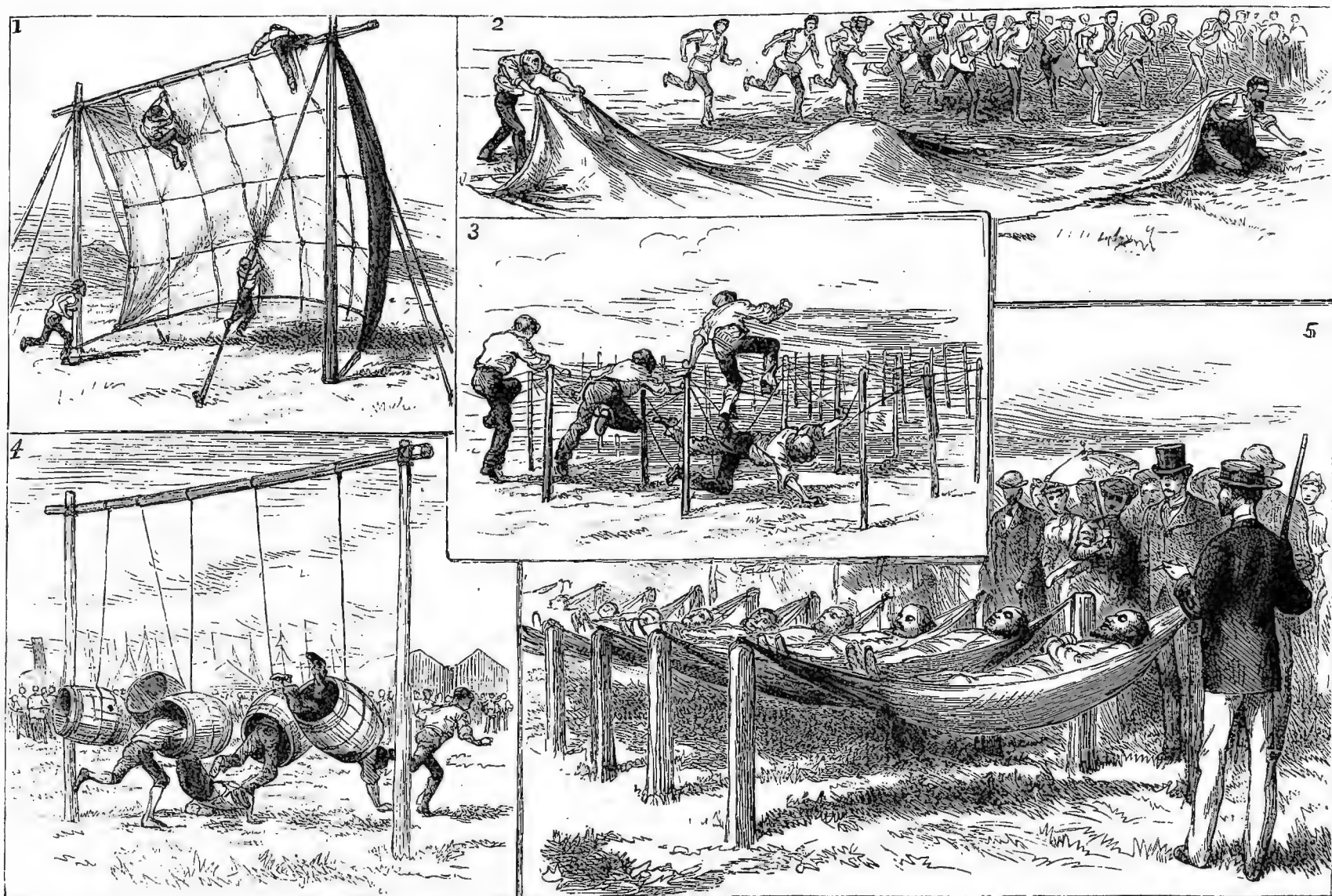
THE TURF.—Brighter weather favoured the concluding days at Goodwood, but failed to impart real spirit to the meeting, which, from a purely racing point of view, was exceptionally dull. The Cup Day, hardly worthy of the name, was only remarkable for the glimpse it gave visitors of the Duke of Portland's famous three year old, St. Simon, who won the Cup as he liked from Ossian and Friday, whom that plucky sportsman, the Duke of Hamilton, started to make the semblance of a race. The Duke of Richmond in the Racing Stakes made mincemeat of Hermitage, whose Leger prospects do not seem improved, notwithstanding her previous defeat of Harvester. Stockholm, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, carried her penalty successfully in the Corinthian Plate, though both Penguin and Mate were more fancied in the market. Sandiway partly atoned for her previous disgrace by winning the Nassau Stakes, but her Leger prospects also seem but poor. Luminary took the Molecomb Stakes; and Prism, the hero of the Leicester race, credited Lord Zetland with the Chesterfield Cup.—This week the racing at Brighton has not been very exciting. Antler, an outsider, won the Marine Stakes; and in a poor field of five Quilt was victorious in the Brighton Stakes. The Cup attracted only three to the post, and was won by Dalmeny, who beat the favourite, Lucerne, and Maid Marian. In the Corporation Stakes the unfortunate Laverock ran second to Debutante, a place which he has held in six races in succession.—Superba has held her own as first favourite for the St. Leger through the Sussex week, but Scot Free treads closely on her heels.—Reports from America state that the famous gelding, Parole, who won so many victories a few years ago during his visit to England, has broken down. He has been nine years on the turf, and has started in 123 races, of which he has won 59, while in 22 he was second, and third in 14.

CRICKET.—The Canterbury week has enjoyed thoroughly seasonable cricket weather, and the rank and fashion of Kent gathered in even greater numbers than usual at the old Cathedral city. Local patriotism was excited to its highest point by the victory of the county over the Australians, and it is no little to the credit of Kent that it is the only county which has actually beaten the Colonists. When, however, we reflect on the comparatively poor show which Kent has made in the inter-county matches this season, the uncertainty of cricket comes out in bold relief. The Australians headed the Kent team by a few runs in the first innings, but 213 of the latter in the second they could only answer with 109, and thus they lost the game by 96 runs. For Kent Lord Harris scored 60 in his second innings, and when the match was over was carried in triumph to his tent.—At the Oval, last week, the Australians finished their match with the Players of England by beating them by nine wickets.—The third and last match, under the title of "England v. Australia," will commence at the Oval on Monday next.—In the absence of "The Graces," Nottinghamshire had no difficulty in beating Gloucestershire by ten wickets.—At Brighton, on Saturday last, the Jockeys of England beat the Huntsmen.

AQUATICS.—The Wingfield Sculls, the great amateur race for the Championship, were won, last week, by W. S. Unwin of Oxford, the hero of the "Diamonds" at the recent Henley Regatta. There were four other competitors, but they had no chance with the Oxonian.—From the Antipodes we hear that Hanlan has accepted a challenge from W. Hearne of Wellington, New Zealand, to row a match for 200l.

SHOOTING.—The reports from the grouse districts, both in Scotland and England, continue most favourable, and probably the results of the coming Twelfth will "beat the record" of any anniversary for the last twenty years.

ATHLETICS.—Myers, the American Champion, failed on Monday last to beat his record of 48 3-5 seconds for a quarter of a mile, his time at Balham on Bank Holiday being 49 1-5 seconds.

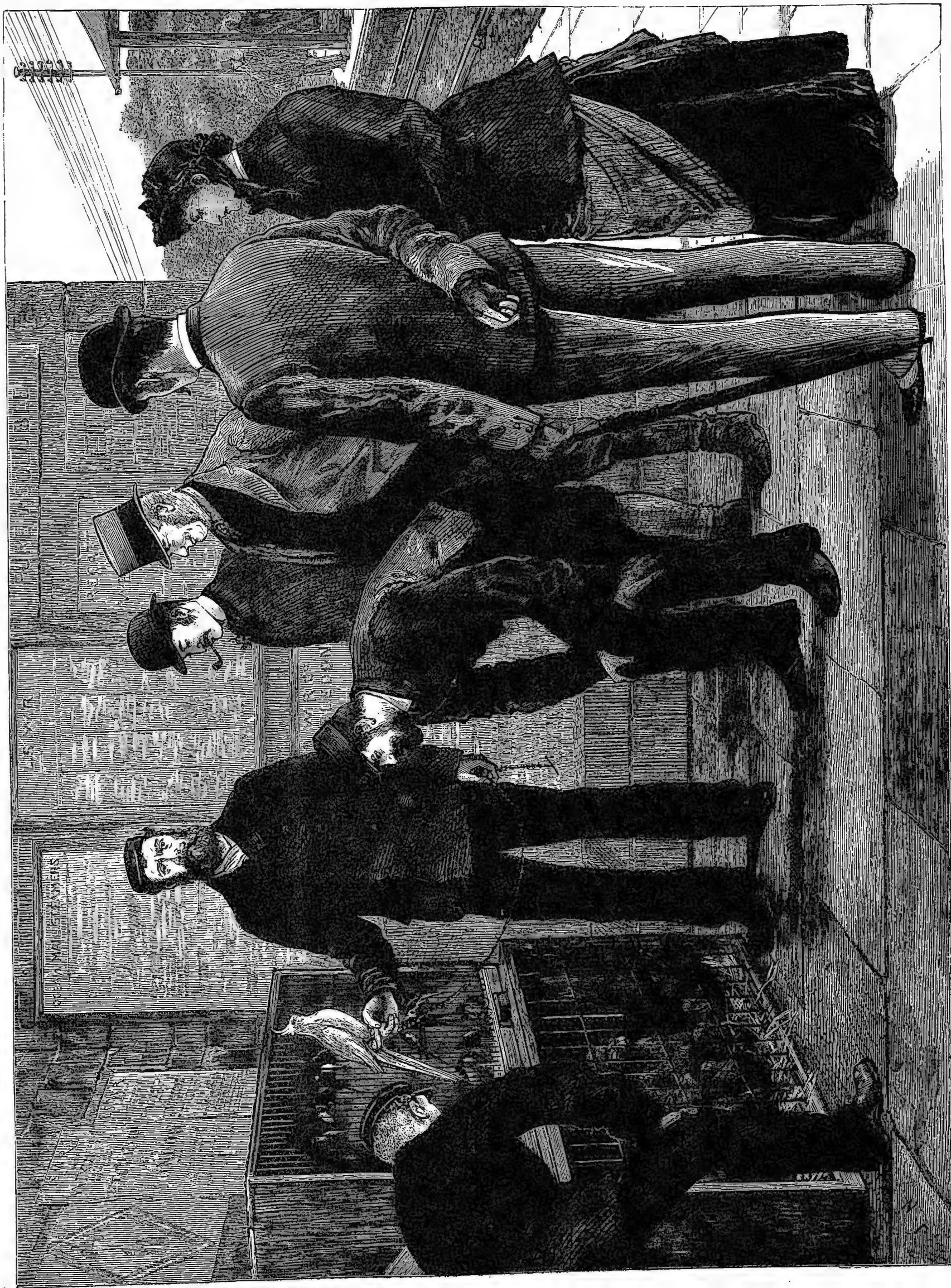


1. Obstacle Race : Climbing Over a Topsail.—2. Obstacle Race : Creeping Through Windsails.—3. Obstacle Race : Rope Entanglement.—4. Obstacle Race : Crawling Through Casks.—5. Hammock Race.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS OF THE CHATHAM STEAM RESERVE



GAO, TONKIN, WHERE THE FRENCH EXPECT TO FIND GOLD



TRAVELLERS FROM FOREIGN CLIMES

BILLIARDS.—At this game the record has again been beaten, W. J. Peall, in a match against W. Mitchell, having made a break of 1,211, including 394 consecutive spot strokes. The previous highest break was 1,055.

CYCLING.—The prospect of constructing an asphalt cycling track from London to Brighton has many upholders. Information in reference to it may be obtained from R. Varley, Esq., Laleham, Polworth Road, Streatham, S.W.

"THE GRAPHIC" WAYZGOOSE.—The twelfth annual dinner of the employees of *The Graphic* newspaper was held on Saturday last at the Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, New Wimbledon, under the presidency of the Editor, Arthur Locker, Esq., supported by W. L. Thomas, Esq., and Henry Scott, Esq. Previously to the dinner athletic sports were held, and proved a great attraction. The first was 150 Yards' Race, open to all employees of the firm under thirty years of age, the winners being—T. L. Bell, first; Metcalf, second; Scott, third; H. Filkins, jun., fourth. Then followed 150 Yards' Race for those between thirty and forty. Winners—Grover, first; Stallard, second; Ashdown, third; J. A. Heaton, fourth. 100 Yards' Race (overfifty).—Purton, first; H. Filkins, sen., second. A Three-legged Race (75 yards).—Scott and Rowen, first; Knight and Humphreys, second; J. Filkins and Hayward, third. 100 Yards' Sack Race.—A. Bell, first; Walker, second; Knowles, third; Ashdown, fourth. 100 Yards' Egg and Spoon Race.—Lauder, first; Walker, second; French, third; A. Bell, fourth; W. Hicks, fifth. 50 Yards' Hopping Race.—Metcalf, first; H. Filkins, jun., second; Humphreys, third; French, fourth. 100 Yards' Consolation Race.—G. Bell, first; Hamlyn, second; G. H. Thomas, third. The last, and perhaps the most interesting event of the day was a Flat Race of 150 Yards between Grover, T. L. Bell, and Metcalf, the three runners most distinguished during the sports. The order of the finish was—T. L. Bell, first; Grover, second; Metcalf, third. T. L. Bell becoming the champion runner of *The Graphic* sports, his success is to be substantially recognised hereafter. The form of both Grover and Metcalf in this race was most exceptionally good, and would not have disgraced a more pretentious meeting. Messrs. Thomas and Scott officiated as judges.

THE ITALIAN LAKES

THE region of the Italian lakes is, in my own personal experience, the most delightful of all tourist wanderings. I have visited many of them, and some of them repeatedly; Como, Maggiore, Lugano, Garda, Orta, Varese. It may be worth while to gather up some general features, and also to indicate some points of distinction. The St. Gothard Railway has to a remarkable degree opened up the Lake-land, and the multitude of tourists who used to limit themselves to Switzerland now increasingly press onwards. On the more remote lakes, such as Lago di Garda and Lago d'Orta, in bygone years, I have found myself almost the only Englishman, but now the English and Americans are everywhere. The opening of the St. Gothard line has certainly had a very injurious effect on the traffic over the other Passes. Last year I passed from the village of Splügen over the St. Bernardino Pass to the southern slopes of the Alps. The season was very late; the summit of the Pass was all ice and snow, and so little were travellers expected that no preparation was made for them at the Hospice hotel, and the hut of the Alpine Club was shut up. To come down to the shores of the Italian lakes was a sudden descent from midwinter to midsummer. Week after week the traveller lingers in this enchanted region. The most beautiful and also the hottest of all the lakes was doubtless Como; the coolest was unquestionably Varese. But Lake Como is enclosed by its immense mountains, while the town and big hotel of Varese prudently retire a few miles from the lake, and occupy high ground. Hither come out the Lombardian merchants and nobles, as a middle region between the Alps and their vast plain. The two great sources of interest on all the lakes are the boating on the waters and the great ascents of the neighbouring mountains.

Lugano is the lake that lies directly on the St. Gothard line. It is a lake of a peculiar character, and at the eastern end of extreme beauty. It has some mountains in its neighbourhood, where the ascents are not difficult, and which are famous for the extraordinary beauty of the panoramas which they command. Such are Monte Salvatore, close to the town; Monte Bré, just across the lake; and Monte Generoso, near the Mendrisio station on the railway. The view from Monte Generoso, embracing some seventeen sheets of water, Monte Rosa, and the whole chain of Southern Alps, struck me as the most perfect view which I have ever seen in Switzerland. Near Lugano there is another mountain retreat at Lanzo, which is very picturesquely situated. For Lanzo I crossed the lake from Orto, and climbed up through the woods. When we emerged on the open mountain, night had fallen and the moon risen; and the guide who carried my bag, beginning to cry, disclosed that he did not know the way. With a little difficulty I succeeded in soothing him, and we soon fell into the right track. I met him a few days later on one of the lake steamers, and he had the coolness to urge that I should pay him his money over again, on account of our difficulties the other evening. I was sorry to hear that since my last visit there had been a fatal accident on Monte Salvatore. There is an excellent path to the summit which ought to be adhered to, since for those who deviate from it there are the dangers of some frightful precipices. Lugano for some weeks last summer was extraordinarily crowded, through the *Tir National* being held here. I was informed at one of the principal hotels that all the beds were let and all the prices doubled. The little town was gay with colour and music, many thousands being congregated here from all Switzerland. The circumstances were hardly encouraging for a prolonged stay. I walked over from Porlezza to Menaggio, passing a delicious lakelet on the way, and enjoying the famous view of Lake Como below the snow mountains. Tourists coming from Lanzo to the Porlezza end of Lake Lugano, when they get to Osteno should look at the wonderful gorge, as impressive in its way as Iffers itself.

Each lake has its peculiar character and its special admirers. Como includes the best characteristics of most of them. Unless for active mountaineers they are regions of luxury and laziness. The active mountaineers are in a decided minority. Italian fruits and vegetables are open to much criticism, but the grapes and green figs are undeniable. The scenery of Mignon's song and of Manzoni's mountain village are found near Como. Here we have the groves of lemons and orange trees; the marble steps descend into the lake; the tropical vegetation lines the terraces; the boats, with gay company beneath their awning, and the light shallops dance across the waters, and some of the stately villas are filled with magnificent treasures of Art. On these shores are some of the most palatial hotels in the world. The Villa d'Este, near the town of Como, is an example of this—once a Royal residence. Another example is the palatial hotel at Varese, with its long succession of state-rooms and literally "marble halls." It must, however, be said that "marble halls" are not precisely the most wholesome kind of dwellings, for when heated on the terrace and in gardens tourists have to combine with romance the unpoetic element of rheumatism. The Lake of Varese is the least sophisticated of all, and is close to several minor lakes which are practically unknown to travellers. It has an old-fashioned *locanda*, where good cheap Asti is to be obtained, and somewhat primitive boats. The noble villas in the neighbourhood of Varese—that of Castellarco being pre-eminent—are fairly thrown open. There is also a *Sacro Monti*, where you climb, through a succession of terraces, and by many chapels, to a commanding view. The people who come to Varese do not make

the least pretence of being "lacustrine." Each locality has its special *raison d'être*. It may be fishing, or a celebrated mountain view, or ancient ruins, or a fine example of modern progress, or a great social centre. The object of Varese is simply rest and social enjoyment. It resembles the Villa of the Decameron, to which the Florentine ladies retired to escape the plague which was raging within the city. Life is made up of drives, lounges, siestas, *causerie*, novel-reading, and so on. This sort of thing doubtless constitutes real repose to those whose brains and energies have been severely taxed. There is one part of Lago Maggiore which has a larger variety of accessible objects of interest than any similar space on any other lake. We need hardly say that this is the district which comprises Pallanza, Baveno, Stresa, Intra, the Borromeo Islands, and the Fishermen's Islands. The eastern side of the lake is much less visited, and the convent of Santa Catherina di Sasso, perhaps the place best worth seeing on Maggiore, is easily overlooked. Several of the villas best worth seeing in the neighbourhood belong to English people. It must be said that all through the Italian Lake-land the comforts of the English are especially studied, with an assiduity and success that leave nothing to be desired. The so-called English and American hotels are extremely expensive, but it is difficult to see how the terms can be diminished, if the scale of splendour is to be retained. The prices of all fluids, however, is absurdly high. At a big hotel we pay three or four hundred per cent. beyond the charges of a café a few doors off. This is so far good as promoting a high degree of temperance, and at an hotel it might be supposed that most people have taken the Blue Ribbon. Unfortunately it is not only wines and spirits, but tea and seltzer that are severely enhanced in price. The result is that even very wealthy people, who object to this system, too often adjourn to the cafés. Another result is that travelling in this region is too much limited to the wealthier classes. This ought not to be the case, for living in Italy is much cheaper than living in England. So thorough a change—one so gratifying to eye, intellect, and heart—ought to be made as accessible as possible to all classes, being a kind of higher education in itself. If travellers will only learn enough of the language to make their wants intelligible, will be content with the meals of the people, will go to hotels which are clean and comfortable without being ambitious, and will trust more to their own feet and arms and less to public conveyances, they will do the Lake-land much more cheaply and much more thoroughly.

F. A.



A COMPARISON OF SEASONS.—It is somewhat remarkable that from the commencement of the century the years coming fifth in each decade—that is, 1804, 1814, and so on—have borne a striking resemblance to one another, both as regards weather and as regards harvest yields. The only year which did not give a fine wheat crop was 1824, and in this year the yield was spoiled by electrical summer rains, such as—during the last fortnight of July, at least—threatened a similar calamity in the present year. The year 1814 was extraordinarily rich in its harvest yield, 1834, 1804, 1854, 1864, 1874, and 1844 following about in order named, but all being over average. The comparison is of happy augury for 1884, and the present year looks as though it really would strengthen what is at least a noteworthy coincidence.

NEW CORN is already appearing in the markets, and the wheat is generally a plump, well-nourished sample, rather above than under average weight, but owing more than usual to moisture. The red wheat is particularly soft. Some new barley of fair quality has been shown in London, and we have seen a few splendid samples in Suffolk, where, however, the barley is very variable, and the oats a light crop. Oats are also reported as light in East Kent; but in the more important oat-growing districts of the West and North the crop is likely to be quite an average. Some new maple peas are to be bought in the Eastern and Midland Counties, 60s. being the price made. The present prices for wheat, barley, and oats are extremely low, and the farmer, accordingly, cannot be expected to hurry forward supplies.

THE WHEAT CROP is now in full process of reaping, but the crop is not yet made, immense breadths of wheat are lodged, much of the straw is broken or twisted, and many fields are affected with mildew, though the progress of this parasitic fungus has been checked by the weather of the past ten days. Making all allowances, however, we may expect a full mean yield, for this year's character so far differs from years like 1879 and 1881 that deductions in the present case have to be made from an over-average promise, whereas on the other occasions the serious deficiency was caused by something being taken from a crop already light. The North of England has yet another fortnight "for the corn to ripen as much by day as by night," as the proverb has it of August weather. A good yield is generally expected north of the Tweed.

IN THE HOME COUNTIES wheat is a variable crop, a heavy yield on heavy land and a light yield on light land being the rule, though exceptions are frequent. Oats are an unsatisfactory crop, particularly in East Kent and in Sussex. Barley is of better quality than usual, and this is very important in the case of a crop where malting quality makes a difference of at least half a sovereign on the quarter. The bulk varies a good deal, perhaps it is a full average on the heavier lands, and ten per cent. under average elsewhere. Hops, a trustworthy correspondent informs us, vary in Sussex and the Weald from four to seven cwt. an acre on present promise. The strawberry season just concluded has proved very profitable to the farmers of West Kent and Sussex and South Hampshire.

IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND the rains of July have greatly refreshed the country and replenished the streams. The wheat has been laid in some places, but not to a serious extent. There is, however, a good deal of rust upon the blade. The hot weather of the past ten days has brought the crop very rapidly forward, and the colour of the fields shows that in another week reaping can safely be commenced. Oats have just begun cutting, and while they seem to be a tolerably heavy crop the straw does not often show that bright colour which adds so much to the beauty and quality of the crop. Potatoes have grown astonishingly within the past three weeks, and turnips are recovering much of their lost position. A good deal of hay lying out in the fields has been stewed by the close hot weather, but most farmers were early with their haymaking this year.

SHEAF-BINDERS.—The trials of sheaf-binders, under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society, began on Wednesday at Dinthill, near Shrewsbury, and are now in progress. There are eighteen entries of sheaf-binding reapers with other than wire-binding material, and three sheaf-binders where the material is other than wire. It will be seen that the Royal Society condemn the use of wire altogether. The reapers have already been tried in fields of oats, and are now being tried in fields of barley and oats. The same complete trial will be accorded to the sheaf-binders. The principal agricultural implement makers in the country have entered for the competition, and the awards are expected with much interest by all arable farmers.

DURHAM COUNTY SHOW has just been held, and seems to have been tolerably satisfactory, although the shorthorns were not so strong as one might have expected to find them in the ancient cradle of that famous race. Polled Angus and Galloway, on the other hand, were somewhat stronger than we had looked to see. The dairy cattle were very ordinary. The sheep were first-class; and the Border Leicesters deserved all the notice they attracted. The show of pigs was select—small, but very good. The principal prize winners were Mr. Outhwaite, Mr. St. John Ackers, and Mr. Stephenson for cattle; Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Annandale for sheep; Mr. Robinson and Mr. Strickland for swine.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE SHOW has just been held at Pershore, the famous centre of the plum-growing district. The farmers living round about the quiet, old-world town are not very jubilant this year, as the plums are a variable and often a short crop, and the pears are a very thin show of fruit. The Show was held on the beautiful Abbey grounds, and numbered some 318 entries. A good Flower Show, which was held at the same time, added to the attractions of the meeting very considerably. The shorthorn classes were well filled, and the quality was above the average. Sheep were fair, and there was a small but very good show of pigs. There was an interesting show of implements, and the new process, "ensilage," was introduced to the notice of the local farmers. The managers of the exhibition were not successful in spoiling the gathering by want of management in some things and unnecessary interference in others, but they did succeed in provoking more than one well-known journal to omit all account of their Show.

THE HUNTINGDONSHIRE SHOW has just been held at Ramsey, and, though a small one, the quality of the exhibits was uniformly high. The horse classes were especially good. The shorthorns shown were very few; but these were excellent types of what farmers should strive to secure for their farms. Some good short-wool sheep were shown. There was some attempt at holding an exhibition of butter; but the result was not satisfactory, only about three lots escaping the local farmers' judgment of being "wonderful ordinary."

APPROACHING SHOWS include Agricultural Exhibitions at Carlisle, on the 8th August; Morpeth, on the 14th; Tunbridge Wells, on the same day; Keighley, on the 16th; Blackpool, on the 19th; Crook, on the 20th; Shotley Bridge, on the same day; Llandudno, on the 21st; Pen-y-bont, on the 22nd; and Whitby, also on the 22nd August.

SHEEP SALES are commencing briskly. At Hornington the ram lambs fetched a good average; but ewes were parted with at considerably under last year's terms. The annual sale from Mr. Howard's noted flock of Oxford Downs was held at Biddenham on Friday; but the prices obtained were rather disappointing. The best buyers were from Scotland. At Whitechurch a very big sale and gathering have taken place, and the prices obtained have been better than expected. The Watercombe sale also realised satisfactory prices, though the big figures of 1883 were not repeated. The Broadfield sale of Cotswolds was a good one, and the Botham sale record beat that of last year. Huxham and North Stoke sales have also given good prices.



AT THE OPENING THIS WEEK of the first Assizes held in Birmingham, Mr. Baron Huddleston and Mr. Justice Wills received congratulatory addresses, that from the Birmingham Law Society specially congratulating Mr. Justice Wills, whose father had been one of its members. It was, it seems, the father, not the son, who wrote the work on "Circumstantial Evidence" inaccurately ascribed to Mr. Justice Wills in the biographical notices of him which appeared at the time of his elevation to the Bench.

A FORTNIGHT AGO THE CHANCERY DIVISION was asked to sanction an agreement between the Treasury and the Duke of Marlborough for the commutation of the perpetual pension granted to the first Duke and successors after his victory of Blenheim. The amount of the pension is now 4,000*l.*, and the sum agreed on for its commutation is 107,780*l.*, to be invested in Bank Stock. As, however, the annual sum to be yielded by this investment would be less than that now payable, Vice-Chancellor Bacon deferred giving the sanction applied for until it was shown that the commutation was for the benefit of the infant Marquis of Blandford and of the other persons interested in the remainder. The guardian of the Marquis, with Lord Randolph Churchill and the others concerned, having intimated their opinion that the commutation would be beneficial, Vice-Chancellor Bacon granted the order asked for, so that this one at least is eliminated from the list of perpetual pensions denounced by Mr. Bradlaugh.

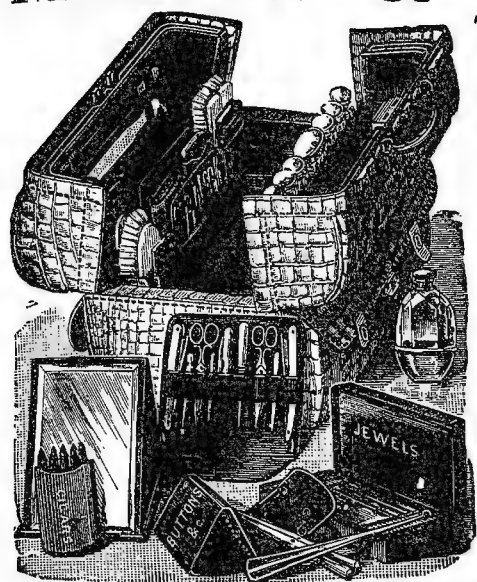
THE CHANCERY DIVISION have given a decision of considerable importance to trustees in a suit brought by a widow against the survivor of her two trustees and the executors of the other. The trustees had sold out of the Three per Cents., and invested in a mortgage on a dwelling-house at Liverpool the sum of 5,000*l.* left them in trust for the widow and her children. The value of the house has considerably diminished since the mortgage was executed, and no interest has been paid since October, 1883. Mr. Justice Kay ordered the surviving trustee and the executors of the other to replace the 5,000*l.*, on payment of which they would of course be entitled to the mortgage. He grounded this decision on two facts brought out in evidence, one that the valuer on whose report the defendants' solicitors recommended the investment, was not a properly qualified person, and was employed by the mortgagee, with the expectation of a commission, to find a borrower; and the other, that 5,000*l.* was much more than that half of the estimated value which, according to the general rule, should be the maximum lent by trustees on house property. Mr. Justice Kay would not admit the validity of the defendants' plea that the valuer had not been chosen by themselves, but by their solicitors.

THE WIFE OF A LITIGANT in a suit now pending in the Chancery Division having sent to one of the junior clerks in Chambers a cheque, with promises of 200*l.* to him, and a much larger sum to the Senior Clerk, if her husband's case could be expedited, appeared before Mr. Justice Chitty, who asked for an explanation of her conduct. She did not know, she said, that she had been doing wrong; her husband was constitutionally timid, and, for seven years he had been trying to get justice. On Mr. Justice Chitty pointing out to her the error of her ways, she consented to apologise, and was dismissed, with a warning that if she repeated the offence she might be sent to prison.

THE GENERAL BOARD OF STUDIES at Cambridge propose to appoint, early in the Michaelmas Term, a Reader in English Law, with a salary of 300*l.* per annum.

THE SUBSCRIPTION has been completed for the presentation to London University of a portrait of its former Vice-Chancellor, the late Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel, who was also the first of its graduates to attain that position. The commission is to be given to Mr. John Collier, whose previous portrait of Sir George Jessel has been engraved.

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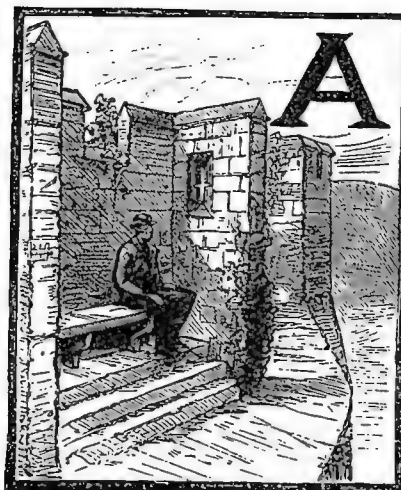
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ALNWICK CASTLE



HOTSPUR'S CHAIR

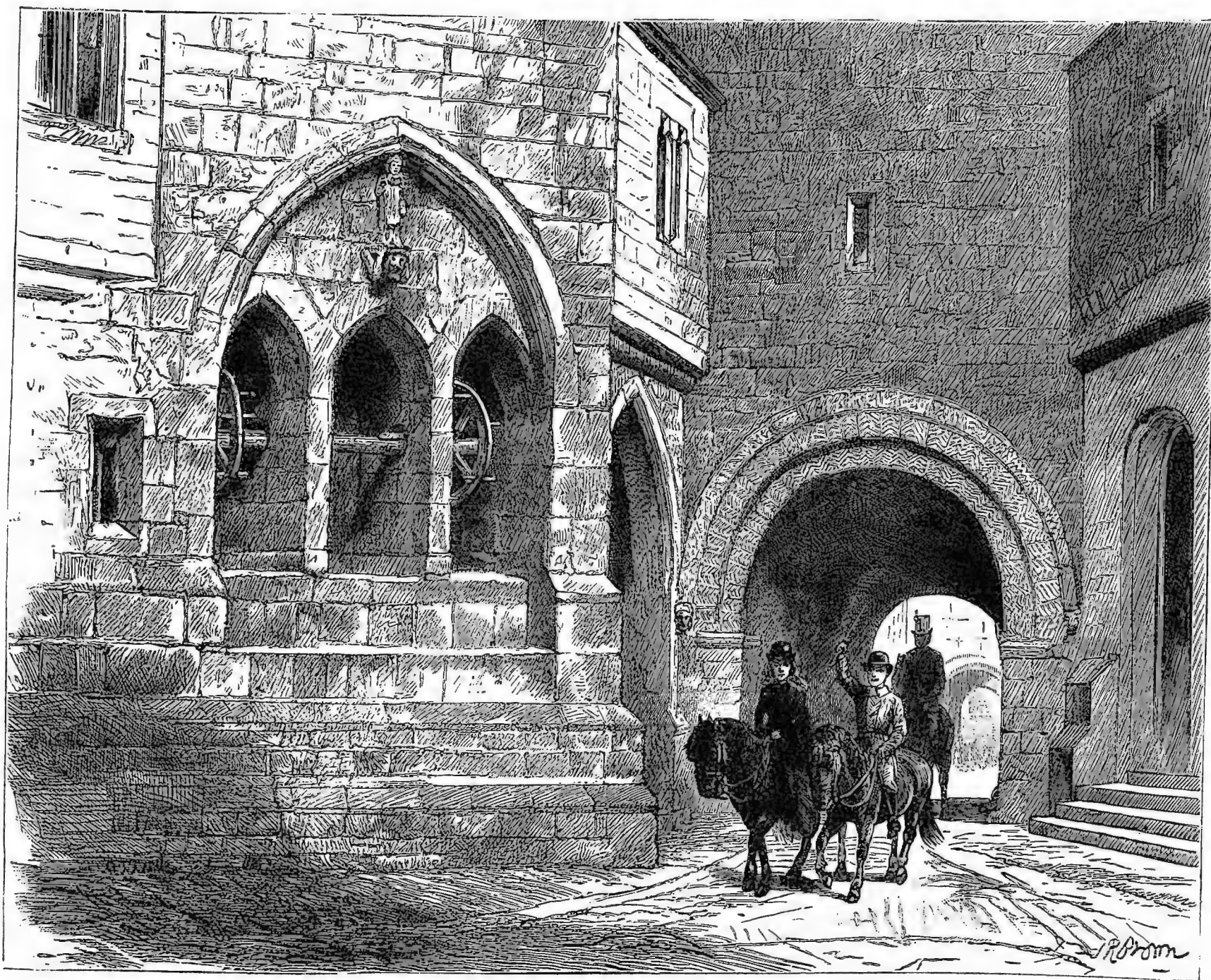
AT A SHORT DAY'S JOURNEY from each other, bordering the Northumbrian coast, stand, in imposing dignity like watchful sentinels on guard, four of the most interesting castles in the "North Country:" Warkworth, Dunstanborough, Bamborough and Alnwick. Warkworth, hoary and dismantled, yet ever beautiful, can now show much that tells of its ancient life, its size, and resistive qualities.

Dunstanborough, worn and shattered, is reduced to two huge limbs that cling persistently to the great mass of rock, whose precipitous face to the sea is washed by every advancing tide, or is lashed angrily when the restless waters are disturbed and furious, rushing always, in calm or storm, into the deep chasms, rumbling and beating as if the heart of the great rock was throbbing and moaning over changed fortunes and decayed greatness. Bamborough, still habitable in its old age

serves a useful purpose; but its primitive glories, its regal throng, are now only dim memories. Retaining many of its ancient features, it stands, a noble object, solemn and dignified, on a rocky solitude close by the sea.

Alnwick has had a more fortunate experience. Time has surely laid its hand more softly upon it than the others, or else judicious and kindly care has thwarted the destroyer's corrosive and destructive energy. The exterior still preserves its ancient character, faithfully signifying the purposes of its first foundation. The interior has been transformed to suit the luxurious requirements of modern civilisation. Instead of the rough implements of war and of the chase, which once hung upon the walls, works of refined artistic power and character adorn its halls and princely chambers. Its clustering towers, binding each other in strength, their skylines fretted with embrasures and embattlements, throw the same warlike shadows right to the margin of the Aln as they did when the besieger battered them with his ram, or the defender sent his whizzing arrows through their loopholes. Although battles have frequently raged around it, and the storms and blasts of many centuries have tested its endurance, it stands at this day perfect in all its parts. Outwardly, a striking feature in the landscape; inwardly, rich in priceless gems.

The position of Alnwick Castle is imposing and attractive,—built on an eminence on the south side of the River Aln, in an amphitheatre formed among the hills which reach in undulating groups from the sea to the Cheviots. From the summits of its towers, to the north and east, can be seen broad stretches of the Northern Sea; to the west, through an



ALNWICK CASTLE—THE DRAW WELL

opening in the hills, a wide breadth of the dark green sides of the Cheviots can be plainly seen in summer, and in winter, their snow-capped crests.

The points of view from which the Castle can be seen are numerous, and in every case there is a change in effect. The objects around seem to combine with striking harmony, however much they differ in character. Seen from the Great North Road, it towers, massive and bold, to an impressive height. From the point chosen in the sketch, "The Castle from the River," it presents the greatest breadth and variety of features, reflecting in the placid Aln its grey towers and weather-stained ramparts.

The surrounding country abounds with interest; the ancient Briton having left signs and relics of his uncouth life; the conquering Roman tracks of his power and influence; the vigorous Saxon of his turbulent semi-civilisation; and the men of the Middle Ages of their raids and monastic tendencies, as many a hill-top, secluded valley, and river side still testify.

Adjoining the Castle are the parks, identified in name by association with the two old Abbeys of Alnwick and Hulne. The sole remnant of Alnwick Abbey is its gate-house, standing in a sheltered meadow by the Aln's side—a solitary yet dignified witness of monastic power. About a mile and a-half further up the river stands the ruins of

HULNE ABBEY

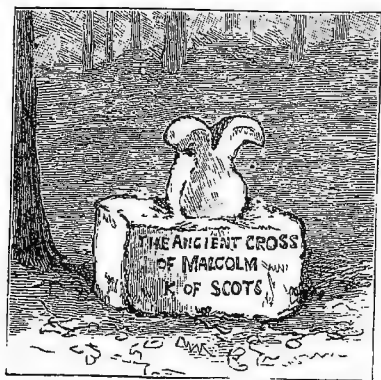
THIS, the first monastery of Carmelite Friars established in the kingdom, was founded about 1240 by Ralph Fresborn, a Northumbrian, who, after distinguishing himself as a Crusader, joined the monks of Mount Carmel. William de Vesci, then Lord of Alnwick, and Richard Grey, both soldiers in the "Holy Army," solicited his return. Permission was granted on condition that he founded a house of the Order in his native county. The site granted by William de Vesci was selected by Fresborn, because Brizlee, the hill opposite, bore a strong resemblance to Mount Carmel.

BRIZLEE MOUNT

WHATEVER might have been the aspect of Brizlee in the days when the first Carmelite Abbot discovered its likeness to Holy Carmel, its appearance now is both grand and beautiful. Of considerable height, and bold of outline, it is studded to the summit with trees, while on its slopes heather, brackens, and whins also grow luxuriantly, covering it in autumn with rich masses of purple, yellow, and brown, varied by the deep green of the trees and the grey faces of huge boulders, which seem as if tumbled and strewn about by those giants who, in our youthful imagination, we believed dominated such places, strolling over morass and hill with seven-leagued boots. The tower seen in the engraving is a "prospect tower," built by the first Duke of Northumberland. From this in favourable weather the historical "Flodden Field" can be distinguished. The sketch is taken from under the walls of the old Abbey, a spot from whence many an old Carmelite, including John Bale, the famous biographer, who lived and studied in Hulne, must have looked on Brizlee, and thought of the "Garden of God," and the waters of Kishon at its foot.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CASTLE

THE mist of centuries completely hides the date of its first foundation, and the conflicting accounts of chroniclers are perplexing concerning its youth. Some have sought a Roman, others a Saxon origin, but the first important event, confirmed and trustworthy, is when Malcolm, King of Scotland, on an incursion into Northumberland, laid siege to Alnwick Castle, and was slain by one Morrell, near the Aln, in 1093. Roger de Moubrie, Earl of Northumberland, was then Governor of the Castle. Two worn remnants of an ancient



cross mark the spot where Malcolm died. Elizabeth, first Duchess, a descendant of the slain King, erected another in 1775.

King William the Lion was also taken prisoner near the Castle, the road to the stone marking the spot being to this date known as the Route au Roi (Rotten Row). To Eustace Fitz-John de Vesci, one of King William's Norman followers, is attributed the foundation of the present structure, in the reign of Henry I., and recurring evidences in the masonry prove its date, and also that his plan of the Castle has been fairly maintained. The Norman Arch (seen in the engraving in conjunction with the Draw-well) is certainly his work. This De Vesci was also the founder of Alnwick Abbey, a charter for which he granted to the monks of the Premonstratensian Order in 1147.

THE PERCY

ON the death of William de Vesci (the last of the De Vesci family) in 1297, the Castle was left in trust to Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham; and was sold by him to Henry de Percy, a scion of a noble Danish family, whose predecessors had followed the Conqueror from Normandy, and who had been by him previously awarded large possessions in Lincoln and York.

From the accession of this Henry, as Baron of Alnwick, till the present, the Castle has remained linked inseparably with the changing fortunes and interesting history of the noble and illustrious family of the Percys, comprising a period of nearly six hundred years.

The first Lord Percy and his son, the second Baron, added considerably to the size and strength of their recently-acquired stronghold, by building massive towers in its outworks and in the keep itself. The walls of these buildings (in some instances more than eight feet in thickness), with other architectural distinctions (perfect in preservation now), express the purposes of the erection, and the reason of their strength, that of protection and defence against, yea, even of defiance to, the raiding Borderer and the invading Scot.

THE BARBICAN

THIS magnificent specimen of the military architecture of the period, its battlements crowded with stone effigies of fighting men, a feature peculiar to this Castle, and in moonlight giving a strangely weird effect, was built by Henry, first Lord Percy. It extends at least sixty feet beyond the curtain walls, and from its massive strength, the ingenuity of its construction, and its being also surrounded by a deep moat, must have been "a hard nut to crack" for the invader; the means of annoyance being many, and the obstructions formidable. The Abbot's Tower, in the north-west corner of the outer court or bailey; the Postern and Constable's Towers, in the northern outworks of the inner bailey, were the work of this Percy. His son, the second Lord Percy, built the

OCTAGON TOWERS

THESE lofty towers, twin giants, guarding the entrance to the inner keep, are built on the south front of the De Vesci arch. They are four storeys in height, they also are surmounted by weather-beaten statues. In the ground floor of one is the ancient prison, with its "bottle" dungeon, where many a poor wretch must have endured the sufferings of a living tomb. A second moat surrounded the keep, opposite the Octagon Towers; the drawbridge served as the only passage to the private dwellings at this part.

BONDGATE TOWER

ALTHOUGH this tower forms no part of the Castle, it may be referred to here as being erected by Henry Percy, the second Earl of Northumberland. It formed one of the embattled towers in the walls protecting the town of Alnwick. It is a hoary relic left by the son of Hotspur, who is said to have called it "Hotspur's Tower" in compliment to his father, the Fiery Harry, a name which will endure for valour and independence while the language of Shakespeare exists.

RESTORATIONS

After the death of the second earl, who was slain at the Battle of St. Alban's, in May, 1455, no notable change was made in the Castle until 1755, when Hugh, the first Duke of Northumberland, completed an extensive alteration, making many additions, and re-decorating the interior in the style of Gothic advocated by the enthusiastic owner of Strawberry Hill—a style at which modern taste revolts; consequently, Algernon, the fourth Duke, in 1852, decided on its complete restoration and reconstruction, and to him the present dignified and richly-decorated aspect of Alnwick Castle is due. The noble Duke entrusted the late Mr. Anthony Salvin with the designing of the changes contemplated in the exterior of the buildings, with the distinct understanding that no ancient feature was to be disturbed: a difficult task, for the errors of 1755 were to be obliterated, and the new work made to agree with the old, in all of which Mr. Salvin's success was such that one now looking upon the Castle for the first time could not readily distinguish the old masonry from the new, so well do they harmonise in feature and expression. The present Duke has since added the Fosse Tower, also built under the superintendence of Mr. Salvin.

THE KEEP

AT the centre of an irregular and elongated space, occupying five acres, enclosed by high walls, strengthened by military towers varying in size and height, stands the Keep, or Donjon itself, a concentration of great towers grouped round a central or inner court, each tower bearing a name, according to its ancient purpose, its position, or that of its builder; and, conspicuous above all, the great Prudhoe Tower, named after the peerage title of the fourth Duke before he inherited the title. It is an immense structure, rising, with its flag tower, to the height of nearly a hundred feet. On its western front is sculptured, on a sunk panel, a lion guardant, bearing a banner emblazoned with the quarterings of Prudhoe, an interesting feature, brightening up, without disturbing, its otherwise severe dignity. By the side of this tower stands the chapel, easily distinguished by its high-pitched leaden roof and its golden cross. These, with the two octagonal towers, and a series of six semicircular ones, complete the interesting combination called the Keep.

THE INTERIOR AND ITS DECORATIONS

IN 1854, when the restorations were begun, the "War of the Styles" was at its hottest. Gothic and Classic were throwing at each other their authoritative missives, backed by their cherished Art canons. The decision of a noble duke to decorate his mediæval keep in the manner of an Italian palazzo, fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of their contention. The advocates of Gothic raised the cry of incongruity, and prophesied failure; asserting that the change from the exterior to the interior would be like the transformation in a pantomime. The realisation of these rather dismal forebodings, and a justification of the many quips and exaggerations freely indulged in at that time, does not show in the result now. The two styles are not brought into violent discordancy with each other. The development of the Italian is gradual, beginning with simplicity at the entrance, and, where a feature of the ruder style shows itself, its appearance is rather sympathetic than otherwise; at all events, it can be said with confidence that it never offends.

Commendatore Canina, a Roman archaeologist and architect, was first consulted by the Duke regarding the decorations, but on account of his advanced age he declined the work in favour of his friend and pupil, Signor Giovanni Montiroli, to whom he gave his aid and advice. In 1856, when the works were in progress, the Commendatore visited Alnwick.

The Italian architect, Signor Montiroli, at the suggestion of the Duke (who took an active personal interest throughout in the

designing of the decorations), chose for his examples the style of Art that prevailed during the revival in Italy at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, and in adapting his style to the less symmetrical forms and eccentricities of the Edwardian Gothic, which is the character of the exterior, he has shown much skill and judgment. We would like to lay stress on this fact, for a contemporary recently attributed this artistic ingenuity to Mr. Salvin.

That portion of the Castle which has received the most attention in the richness and fulness of decoration, comprise the five principal state rooms, the Boudoir of the Duchess, the private apartments, the Grand Staircase, the Guard Chamber, and the state bedrooms, all on the one floor.

THE GRAND STAIRCASE AND GUARD CHAMBER

THE extensive entrance hall is plain and severe in treatment. On reaching the first landing we find the first indications of the character and richness of the style of decoration, in two white marble candelabra of classic design, placed on either side of the first steps. By a constructional combination, the Guard Chamber (which is thirty feet square by twenty in height from its own floor), forms an open vestibule to the staircase, by three grand arches, supported by massive, well-proportioned piers. Through one of these archings the Guard Chamber is reached. The other two openings are protected by white marble balustradings, with pedestals in the centre, on which stand marble candelabra.

The walls of the staircase, to the uppermost landing, are lined with polished coloured granite and marbles, set in panellings. The steps and landings are of white Rothbury stone. The ceiling of the staircase is vaulted, and decorated with enriched panels; while that of the Guard Chamber is flat, also divided into panels of geometric forms, deeply coffered, and filled in with ornamental foliage. Immediately below the ceiling on the walls runs a broad frieze, in which are placed four pictures illustrative of the old ballad of "Chevy Chase," painted by Francis Gotzenburg, a German.

From the Guard Chamber passages radiate to all parts of the house. A door leads immediately into the ante-room, the first of the series of State Drawing-Rooms. It has a carved wood ceiling, which is richly coloured and gilt. The walls are hung with green satin damask, and round three parts of the room (substituted for a dado) are dwarf walnut bookshelves, inlaid with sycamore, and filled with books, somewhat assimilating it with the library, which is gained by a door on the left.

THE LIBRARY

THIS noble room occupies one floor of the Prudhoe Tower. The middle portion of the western wall recedes, and forms a third division of the room, equal in breadth to the other two. All the fittings, including doors and windows, are in polished oak, inlaid with sycamore and lime-tree. A gallery, supported on carved brackets, and protected by an elegant gilt metal railing, surrounds the room, except in the western recess, where the bookcases only reach to the level of the gallery. In the tympana of the bookcases may be noticed two marble medallion portraits of the fourth Duke and Duchess, by Macdonald. On the three marble chimney-pieces stand busts of Shakespeare, by Altini, and of Bacon and Newton, by Strazza. The ceiling is of wood, painted in various colours, and gilt. It is divided into four predominating squares, in the centre of which are octagonal panels, containing carved trophies, symbolising History, Music, Science, and the Fine Arts; the other panels which complete the graceful combination are enriched with conventional foliage, corresponding to their geometric forms. The collection of books is choice and valuable. In the 16,000 volumes which it contains (including the Duke's private library), works treating on all branches of ancient and modern literature, are to be found unique missals (one or two especially beautiful), and elaborate tomes, all in rich and characteristic bindings. Repassing through the ante-room, we reach the

MUSIC-ROOM AND DRAWING-ROOM

THESE rooms, communicating with each other, are similar in form, both having well-defined alcoves opening out from their centre, each of which has a walnut dado, enriched with inlays of bird's-eye maple and lime-tree. The walls are hung with rich figured satin damask, yellow in the Music-Room, and crimson and gold in the Drawing-Room. The ceilings are of wood, richly carved, gilt, and painted in colours. Below the cornice at the top of the walls runs a wide frieze, painted in *cera* (wax) by Signor Mantovani, celebrated for his work in Raphael's Loggia at the Vatican. The cornice of the Carrara marble chimney-piece in the Music-Room is supported by figures of Dacian slaves, copied from the Arch of Constantine in Rome by the late Signor Nucci. The chimney-piece in the Drawing-Room is borne up by caryatides, also by Nucci; the ornament and flowers which otherwise decorate these finely-proportioned works of Art are from the chisel of the late Signor Taccolozzi. They were designed by Montiroli, and sculptured in Rome under his personal superintendence. Immense mirrors, with frames elaborately carved and gilt, rest upon the chimney shelves, reaching to the ceiling.

The walnut doors form a noticeable feature in these rooms. They are divided into panels, ornamented with effective and spirited carvings. The window shutters, the fittings of which are of mahogany, are also decorated with chaste and rich carvings in walnut and lime-tree, in the natural colour of the wood, with some of the mouldings gilt.

While taking these notes, we were directed to a spot in the Drawing-Room whence, all the doors being open, a glimpse, more or less, of all the rooms, stretching from the Library to the Dining-Room, could be obtained. An autumn afternoon's sunlight, tinged with an indefinable colour, borrowed by reflection from the river and the green pastures below and around the Castle on the north, filled these magnificent rooms with a rich, warm glow, which lighted up with soft brilliancy the gilded prominences, embracing the rich furniture and the choice works of Art, so various in form and colour. In the nooks and crevices lay moderately-defined shadows; while thinner masses of transparent shades, spread here

and there upon the satin damasked walls and over the quiet colouring of the luxurious carpetings, presenting a picture which was not only pleasing and enjoyable, but proving at a glance that the elegance and magnificence of Italian Art, when judiciously applied, is not incompatible with that desirable home comfort so much prized by Englishmen. In the light we have been referring to, when seen from the Drawing-Room, "The Holy Family," by Giulio Romano, which hangs in the Music-Room, beams forth with fascinating effect.

THE DINING-ROOM

It differs from the other rooms, inasmuch as the ceiling is not painted, but left in the natural colour of the St. John's pine; so is the carved frieze and several of the large picture frames. The walls are hung with red satin damask. The pictures are family portraits, ranging from the seventh Earl to the present Duke; five of them being copies, by Philips, from the originals now in Petworth (once a possession of the Percys), also portraits of the first Duchess, Charlotte-Florentia; third Duchess, Eleanor, Dowager-Duchess; the Countess of Beverley (the consort of the fifth Duke); and Louisa, the present Duchess. The portrait at the end of the room is that of the fourth Duke (by Grant), the restorer of the Castle.

One of the large circular pieces of gold plate shown on the side-board in the illustration is Flaxman's Achilles Shield.

The chimney-piece, the finest in the Castle, is of Sicilian marble, designed by Montiroli, and executed by Taccaozzi, Strazza, and Nucci.

On each side of the fireplace, in the walnut dado, are placed four carved panels. It was the original intention to have carved each alternate panel, after the manner of the choir of Perugia, over the entire dado; but this has not yet been carried out.

THE PICTURES

In Alnwick Castle there is no place set apart as a picture gallery proper, the pictures being distributed throughout all the rooms. The large and interesting collection within the walls contains works by Caneletto, portraits by Vandyck, Battoni, Lely, and Kneller, and examples of some of our eminent British artists—Wilkie, Landseer, Carmichael, Richardson, Ward, and others. But the great bulk is composed of works by early Italian artists, which were bought in Italy by the fourth Duke in 1853, a large portion of them having formed the gallery of the Brothers Camuccini, while the others were selected from various galleries in Rome and Venice.

In selecting a few from the vast collection mention may be made (beginning in the ante-room) of "Christ Curing the Possessed," by Garofolo. In the music room is "Ahasuerus and Esther," by Guercino; "Three Heads," by Giorgione, a picture referred to by Byron in his poem of "Beppo":—

'Tis but a portrait of his son and wife,
And self; but such a woman, love in life.

The "Salutation of the Virgin," by Sebastian del Piombo, a picture the outlining of which is attributed to Michael Angelo. It was removed from the walls of Santa Maria della Pace, a church in Rome, by the orders of the French Government, and was afterwards purchased by Cardinal Fesch. Besides other interesting pictures in this room is a forcible small portrait of Pope Paul III., by Titian.

In the Drawing-Room, among other fine works, is placed "The Gods Enjoying the Fruits of the Earth," a large picture by Gian Bellini, who was assisted by his pupil, Titian. Kugler, in his book on the Italian schools of painting, says of this picture that the "supernatural beauty in colour, expression, and landscape in this little-known work renders it one of the most precious that has descended to us." Also, in this room is a "Sunset," by Claud Lorraine, one of his finest works, and which is engraved in the "Liber Veritatis," Vol. I., page 14.

In the Duchess's charming boudoir, the pictures selected for its decoration are small in size. Here is a "St. Catherine," by Giotto, a "Holy Family," by Francesco Rossi del Salviato, a picture once the property of Sir David Wilkie, by whom it was much prized; a "Magdalene Reading," by Correggio; "The Madonna dei Garofani," by Raffaele, a most exquisite example of those charming little cabinet pictures by this master one so frequently meets with in the galleries of Rome; also a "Holy Family," a miniature by Sebastian del Piombo. The two last-named are encased in boxwood frames, most minutely carved in the Castle studio.

THE MARBLE SCULPTURES AND MOSAICS

NEARLY all the marble sculpture in the Castle is decorative, mostly applied in the chimney-pieces already referred to. In the strangers' bath-room there are three small *bassi relievi*, by John Gibson, and an "Eva," by Macdonald.

There are some beautiful mosaic-works in the Chapel, the most exquisite being a broad frieze of Alexandrian mosaic, identical in character with, and evidently copied from, examples to be found in rich profusion in the basilicas and churches in Rome.

In the chimney-piece in the Duchess's boudoir are some fine specimens of Florentine mosaic executed in the Royal manufactory at Florence.

THE WOOD-CARVING

THIS branch of art, which forms in the embellishments of Alnwick Castle a feature of considerable importance, is purely conventional in treatment.

When the restoration of the Castle was determined on, the grand old art of wood-carving was thought to have much degenerated in this country, consequently it was at first decided by the Duke to have the carvings executed in Italy and transmitted here.

A circumstance here occurred, however, which altered this decision.

Mr. Salvin, the English architect, anxious for the credit of his country, brought forward Mr. Brown, a Scottish artist, who, in a test of skill with the Florentine artist (recommended to the Duke by Cardinal Antonelli), was so successful, that it was then decided to have the carving done by British artists, under the supervision of Mr. Brown and Signor Bulletti, the Florentine referred to. A studio was then formed, and between twenty and thirty artists were gathered together to execute the work under their direction.

After a short period Signor Bulletti resigned. The studio still continued, and even now forms an interesting institution at the

Castle, Mr. Brown, with the assistance of his friend and former pupil, Mr. Amory, producing works that are full of interest to those who take delight in this ancient branch of the decorative arts.

THE KITCHENS

THE kitchens were designed by Mr. Salvin. Their architectural features are mediæval. In extent and grandeur they are regal, and in their arrangements and appointments quite baronial in character. They are provided with the most recent appliances, and their cooking capacity is almost unlimited. In 1867, at the "coming of age" of Lord Warkworth, now Earl Percy, during the week's festivities several thousand guests were amply provided with sumptuous dishes of surprising number from their inexhaustible stores.

MUSEUMS, &c.

IN this description of the Castle the principal rooms only have been dealt with; but the beautiful and refined are not confined to them. An air of elegance and luxurious comfort prevails throughout the whole palace, dominated by a truly English comfort.

There yet remain two noticeable items of educational value worthy of being referred to: the Egyptian Museum, formed by the fourth Duke, gathered together by him in his travels, containing many examples of the obliterated civilisation of that ancient people; and the Museum of British Antiquities in the Postern Tower, wherein are placed specimens of the rude efforts of taste (implements of war and articles of domestic use) of the ancient Briton, and relics of the Roman occupation. Both museums are catalogued, and illustrated in two elaborate volumes.

THE TOWN OF ALNWICK

ALNWICK, the ancient county town of Northumberland, derives much of its interest from being associated with the Castle, and having shared to a considerable extent in the historical incidents connected with the fame and stirring movements of the distinguished House of Percy.

It nestles for protection "gainst the Scot" on the southern and western sides of the Castle. Old battles and burnings have left it few architectural features of importance. It retains some feudal customs, but they are fast passing away, or becoming leavened with advanced civilisation.

The Curfew still tolls out each night from the tower of the Town Hall over the quaint old-world town.

On the Sunday night preceding the last Monday in each July the town gates are still guarded by stalwart yeomen, armed with halberds, swords, and partizans, for on the morrow is held the cattle fair of the year.

The long watches of the night and the sultry atmosphere of the season test the endurance of these sturdy watchers. Unlimited supplies of "old October" from the stupendous Castle cellars are not enough to suppress the overpowering emotions and far-off old, old thoughts they indulge in as they stand at the gate of their dear old town, thinking of ancestors who perhaps performed the same duty under different auspices, and without the comforting attributes of the "ancient tenth-month consoler."

As the night advances their thoughts are less with their forefathers and more with the "October"—we draw a veil here and respect their grief—morning breaks, and sympathising relatives come to look, not unfrequently with a wheelbarrow, for the manly guardians who have kept vigil while others slept.

At eight o'clock on the Sunday evening the Bailiffs of the Lord of the Manor read his proclamation from the Market Cross and St. Michael's Pant (fountain) in the Corn Market, and again, on Monday at midday, mounted and armed to the teeth.

After the Sunday ceremony it was the custom for centuries to keep open house at the Castle. Brown October, a quarter of a century old, was distributed without stint to all comers. The writer remembers seeing sixteen bloodthirsty fights proceeding merrily and independently in one small street at one time. The convivialists laughed, danced, yelled, or lay in the gutters, transforming the quiet Sabbath street into a pandemonium.

This was an old custom which grew too scandalous; and the proclamation and gate-guarding are all that survive.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL

With this exception, Alnwick is not fortunate in the character of its ecclesiastical architecture. Dissent has nothing attractive. St. Paul's is modern and large, and would be quite uninteresting were it not for its great east window—a memorial to the third Duke—designed by the late Mr. Dyce, and painted in Munich.

St. Michael's Church stands about a furlong from the Castle to the west. It may be said to be transitional in character, but the Perpendicular style prevails. It was "restored" about sixteen years ago, and recently it has been enriched with carvings in oak of natural foliage on the stalls, and a reredos carved in the studio of the Castle. It contains several stained windows by Powell, and others, of average merit; but really the most notable and interesting feature is the vast and beautiful chancel.

EDUCATIONAL

Alnwick is favoured with considerable educational advantages. The free burgesses, who to obtain their privileges had not long since to struggle through a muddy pool called the "Freeman's Well," have an institution for the gratuitous teaching of their sons and daughters. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland each support a school for the education of the young of both sexes, and, with the National and private schools, there is force enough to stimulate the intellect, which the Alnwick youth lacks not, and to the growth of the genteel graces of deportment, which he demonstrates but sparingly. This laxity may be charged to a transmission, still lingering, of the resisting and aggressive spirit so much developed by his ancestors in raiding and reiving times. Indeed, a favourite quotation of his is:

The ancient spirit is not dead,
Old times are breathing here.

Let us hope that henceforth he will agree with his modern pastors and masters, and emulate the virtues rather than imitate the combative conceits and angularities of his ancestors. God prosper him; and may the Castle and "canny" Alnwick, like the "Macgregor" in the song, "Flourish for ever."

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

THE ordinary beholder is but little struck with the general appearance of the rendezvous chosen by the Parliamentary representatives of the French nation, as he approaches it from the Pont de la Concorde. Seen from afar, with the tricolor floating from its apex, the Palais Bourbon looks pretty but not imposing. It must be confessed, in fact, that it is tame compared to the stately buildings at Westminster, and even the architectural pretensions of its entrance portico on the north, or river side, do not impress the mind like the Houses of Parliament on the banks of the Thames.

To a stranger entering the Chamber of Deputies by the side door on the right, which is used by the public, the Press, and a good many of the Deputies themselves, the interior of the Palais Bourbon will also be found altogether devoid of imposing display. Even at the opening of a Session there is but little ceremonial which would recall the days when the First Napoleon, or any of his successors, with the exception of Louis Philippe, came to the Corps Législatif surrounded by a brilliant Staff, and daubed in all the war-paint so dear to the military pride of Frenchmen. The Third Republic is very plain from this point of view, as was the Citizen King who discarded the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and entered the Chamber accompanied only by his Ministers and an aide-de-camp. There are soldiers certainly in the Palais Bourbon on opening days and throughout the Session; but the display is shorn of a good deal of its former glory. Nowadays M. Brisson, the President of the Chamber, or M. Spuller, or anybody else who may be deputed to temporarily take his place, walks from the Presidential Offices to the Chamber itself through a double row of infantry. He is preceded by two ushers in black, and is accompanied by an Officer and a Sub-officer of the Line. The drum beats as he passes through the Salle de la Paix—the lounging-place of Deputies and journalists—and enters the corridor leading to the Chamber by the door on the left near the statue of Laocoon. On taking his seat the Parliamentary President places his hat on the desk before him, so as to have it ready in case he wants to close the sitting by putting it defiantly on his head. He preserves order by ringing a large hand-bell, which gives him the temporary appearance of an auctioneer endeavouring to dominate the voices of boisterous bidders. Underneath him is the tribune from which speakers make their "interpellations," while at either side of his chair are the official shorthand writers, and at his back the Secretary-General of the House.

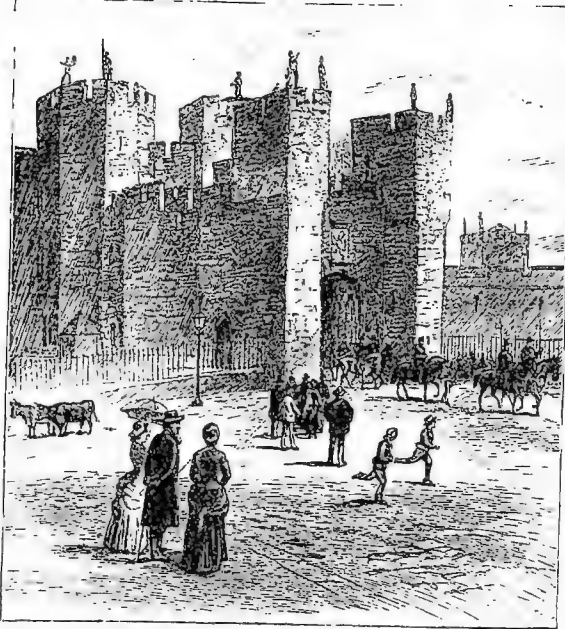
Nor does the aspect of the amphitheatre of the Chamber, even when all the benches are filled, come up to the standard which an outsider is apt to expect from reading the history of the place in which so many dramatic scenes have occurred. The acoustic properties of the House are notoriously bad, and the most pompous periods of a fluent orator are often unheard in the tribunes. A Deputy must also speak remarkably well in order to obtain a proper hearing from his noisy brethren who are ranged around, their voices occasionally rising from the pitch of ordinary conversation to the roaring of Bashan until checked by the ringing of the Presidential bell. Everybody is talking with might and main, while on the Extreme Right can be distinguished the burly form of M. Paul de Cassagnac—the most determined of interrupters—who turns aside for a moment from Monseigneur Freppel, the most eloquent of political ecclesiastics, in order to fling a taunt at some supporter of the Government, or to ask an annoying question of some reluctant Minister. On the whole not much serious business would really seem to be done. Everybody has come to talk and enjoy himself from two in the afternoon until four or five, at playing the game of politics. The only people who are really working are the shorthand writers of the Chamber, and even these are relieved at very short intervals, thus gaining time to talk or to disport themselves "like any other fly" in the lobbies. The Press reporters have about the easiest time of all. Not one of them is called on for a long report of the proceedings, but he can sit at his ease in the journalists' room, whence he peers from time to time into the Chamber on the look-out for "scenes." The general purport of speeches delivered appears in the official slips which are placed at intervals during debates on their table, or posted on the wall of the Salle de la Paix. Editors are rare in the lobbies unless they happen to be Deputies like M. Clémenceau or M. de Cassagnac. Occasionally Henri Rochefort, Edmond About, or other well-known penmen of the Parisian press put in an appearance in the Salle de la Paix, where they may be seen talking to friendly members, who treat them as colleagues forgotten by the electors. There is, of course, a place set apart in the Press tribunes for editors, but it knows them only on rare occasions. The tribunes reserved for the public are generally empty, except when some personal or momentous incident is expected. Then the ladies flock in, and the dazzling toilettes give a theatrical appearance to the ordinarily sombre Salle des Séances. Unfortunately for the fair dames who like good speech, great orators are rare nowadays, and the Princess Troubetskoi, who never missed a speech of Thiers, would be as disappointed as Madame Adam, whose ear was enchanted by the sonorous accents of Gambetta whenever he addressed the House.

The Palais Bourbon itself, which now rings with the voices of the representatives of the people, is built on historical and debatable land. Here was formerly the Pré-aux-Clercs, where duels without number were fought in the seventeenth century, until the good monks of the Abbey of Saint Germain des Prés, who owned the ground, had to shut up the entrance. The enclosure was bought by the Dowager-Duchess of Bourbon in 1722, when she built a mansion on the spot. To this edifice was united the Hôtel de Lassay, and both together were handed over to the Five Hundred in 1790. The law of the 5th of December, 1814, restored the Palais Bourbon to the Prince of Condé, the descendant of its founder, who let it out for Parliamentary purposes to the Government of the Restoration, reserving a few rooms for his own use. In 1830 the whole was bought from the Duc d'Aumale, the heir of the Prince of Condé, for a little over five million francs. The present Chamber of Deputies is almost entirely new; the old Council Chamber of the Five Hundred having been restored and partially rebuilt in 1832.

W. L.

FROM QUEENSLAND TO LONDON BY THE TORRES STRAITS ROUTE

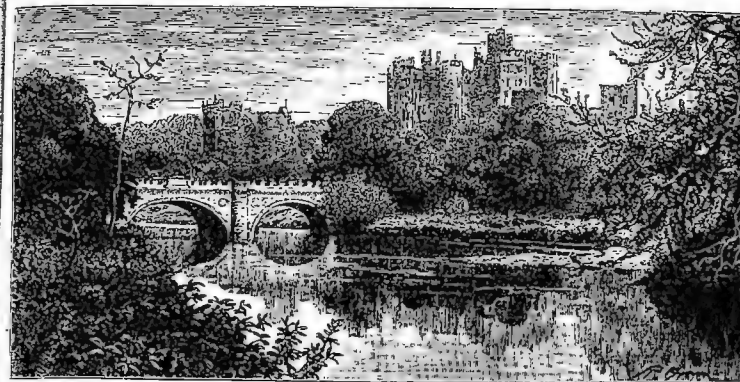
THE march of events during the past twenty-five years has wrought a remarkable change in the means of communication between the mother-country and our Australian colonies. Amongst the latter none has made such rapid strides as the colony of Queensland. In '57 this territory was merely a distant appendage of New South Wales, and it was looked upon as a country useful merely as a field for squatting enterprise. Sheep and cattle occupied a small portion of this vast tract of the Australian continent. The graziers held their own with difficulty against the incursions of the nomadic tribes of blacks, and the Legislature almost ignored the Northern Territory. But when the land was found to be a goodly land, flowing with milk and honey, the attention of agriculturists was drawn to it. Experiment proved that the soil was of marvellous fertility, navigable rivers were discovered, gold and other minerals were found in abundance, and in '59 the Moreton Bay Settlement, as it was then called, cast off its leading-strings and was erected into an independent colony under the felicitous name of Queensland. Since that date the colony has progressed at a remarkable rate. Not a square mile of its 678,000 square miles is unoccupied.



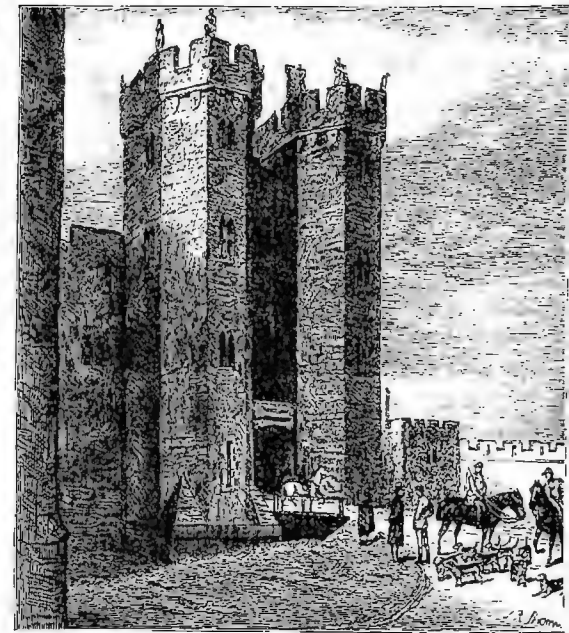
THE BARBICAN—"RIDING THE FAIR"



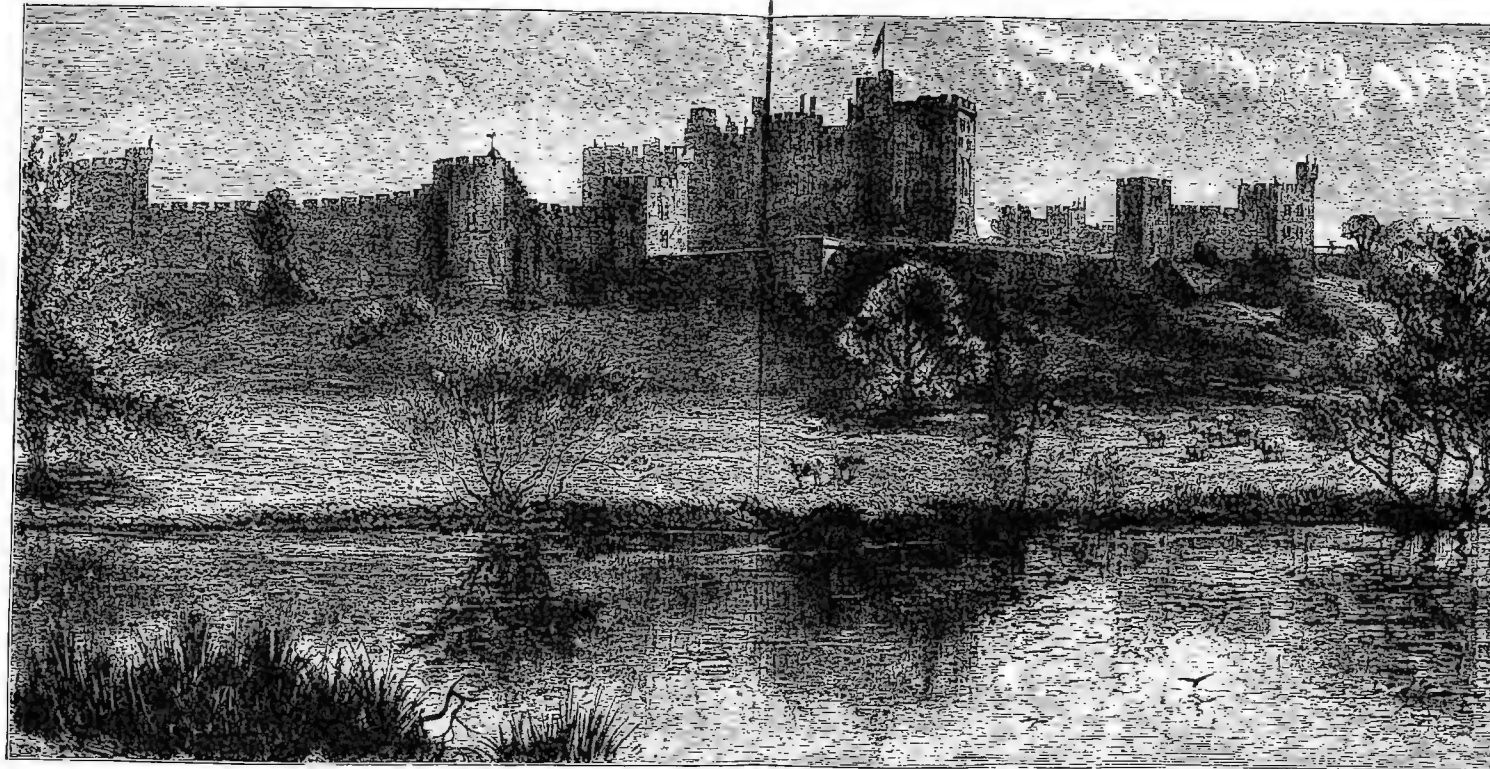
IN THE PARK, BRIZLEE



THE LION BRIDGE FROM THE DAIRY GROUNDS



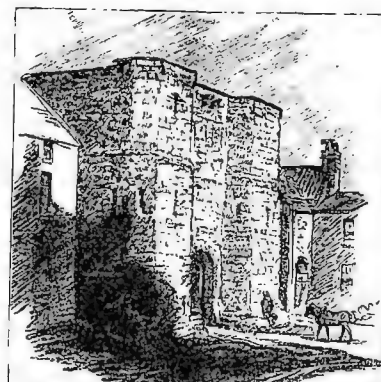
THE OCTAGON TOWERS AND DRAW BRIDGE



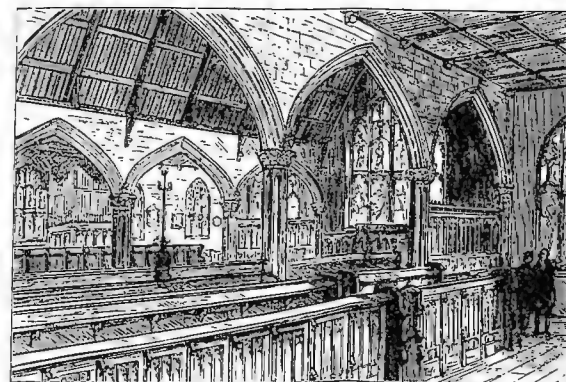
THE CASTLE FROM THE RIVER



THE KITCHEN



THE HO'SPUR TOWER—A TOWN GATE



THE PARISH CHURCH—INTERIOR



HULNE ABBEY



THE MUSIC ROOM

ALNWICK CASTLE

Seven million sheep, four million of horned stock, with herds of horses are depastured over the vast area. Agriculture and manufactures have rapidly increased, capital has flowed in from all parts to develop the numerous mines of gold, silver, tin, copper, lead, and coal. Cities have sprung up as by magic, railways intersect the country in all directions. Telegraphic communication exists in all parts of the colony, whilst the seaboard swarms with steam vessels which find ample remuneration in conveying the produce of Queensland to the Southern colonies and to England. For years the only means of reaching the colony was by sailing vessel, or by the Overland Route, *via* Alexandria, Suez, and Sydney. Queensland has, however, of late years adopted a mail route of her own, *via* Torres Straits. The Government of the colony first subsidised the Eastern and Australian Steam Navigation Company, to convey mails, cargo, and passengers from Brisbane (the capital) and the other coast towns to Europe. This company had its colonial terminus in Melbourne, a fact which was found to work detrimentally to the welfare of Queensland, and therefore on the termination of the contract a new one was made by the present Government of the colony with the British India Steam Navigation Company, who for a subsidy of 55,000*l.* a year agreed to make Brisbane the terminus. This service, although much condemned at the outset, appears now to be doing good work for the colony, and its efficiency increases as time goes on. The distance between Brisbane and London, *via* Torres Straits, is a little over twelve thousand miles, and is performed in fifty-seven days from port to port. As this route has become a very favourite one with passengers, and is besides the one adopted for the transport of emigrants to the colony, a short description of the journey may prove of interest to the travelling public of Great Britain.

Tuesday morning is the day for the departure of the *Roma* from Brisbane, or rather from Moreton Bay, sixteen miles down the river. The tug *Boko* at the wharf has her steam up, and it roars through her safety-valves as if in impatience at the reiterated good-byes being performed on the wharf. The said wharf is crowded with passengers and their *impedimenta*, with friends who have come to see the travellers off, with vendors of fruit and newspapers, with cabmen trying vainly to extort larger fares, with van-men unloading luggage, and finally with the tag-rag and bobtail of idlers to whom the departure of a mail steamer, or, indeed, of any steamer, is an agreeable break to the monotony of doing nothing. At last the bell goes, the whistle screams, the lines are cast off, and the *Boko* bears away the returning colonists at the rate of ten knots an hour.

Now we who are about to leave the colony for a short visit to "Fatherland" begin to look with regret on the lovely River Brisbane. We recognise the villas perched on beautiful eminences surrounded with bananas and other tropical fruit trees. Here we pass a bight where only last week we hauled out that splendid Jew-fish—there we recognise the spot where we encamped during the Easter Review of Volunteers. Now we run through the lane of beacon ports known as Francis Channel or Oxford Street, doomed to be relegated to the limbo of departed glories by the new and deep cutting nearly completed, which shall enable the largest steamers to haul up to the Brisbane wharfs. At last "There she is!" is heard on all sides, and the stately fabric of the *Roma* is distinguished amongst all the circumambient vessels, by her size and the dense volumes of smoke issuing from her funnel. The *Boko* is soon alongside, the captain and his officers receive the passengers, the luggage is hauled on board, the last provisions are deposited on the deck, a hurrah from the tug, responded to from the mail steamer, the anchor is up, and we are away. The twelve-thousand-mile voyage has begun. Rapidly the land fades from sight, we near and pass Bribie Island, the Government Asylum for the remnant of the Moreton Bay aborigines—the conical Glass Houses pass, panorama-like, in review—darkness comes on, and the passengers begin to settle their cabins.

Six o'clock p.m., a clanging bell announces dinner. The sea is like glass, hence the tables are full. The captain takes one table, the chief officer and doctor the other. A dozen Portuguese stewards anticipate every want, whilst a dinner, such as one gets at "The Grand," is set before the as yet hungry guests. Dinner over, all adjourn to the upper deck, well curtained and with double awnings. Music and singing succeed. At 8 p.m., tea, more music, together with the fragrant weed. At ten all lights out. A few still linger in the delicious, balmy air of the Pacific, till midnight sees all buried in slumber. Next day, land still in sight, sea still smooth, and Rockhampton, the second coastal city of Queensland, is reached. That is to say, Keppel Bay is reached, for here also a large river empties itself into the Bay thirty miles from the town. We find another tug awaiting us laden with more passengers. In a short time all are on board and domiciled, the mails are received and delivered, and away steams the good ship *Roma* into darkness and rain. Ahead all is thick—not a headland, not a star to be seen; but Pilot Hannah drives her at full speed safely into the pall of mist, and on the following evening the anchor drops off Mackay, the capital of the Queensland sugar districts. River again and tug once more. The process of embarking passengers is repeated, and now begins the real beauty of the voyage.

All day the ship threads her way through lovely verdure-clad islands. It is the rainy season in the North; Nature now is seen in her full glory. Forest, jungle, and plain have assumed their most lovely hues; crowds of pigeons, flocks of bright-plumaged parrots, cockatoos in their Egyptian uniforms are seen gathered thickly in the trees. The sea is calm and blue, sailing craft and steamers pass and repass. Whit-Sunday Passage is steamed through slowly. Mourilyan Harbour raises its frowning cliffs, contrasting beautifully with the wild romance of the landscape of Whit-Sunday Island. Native canoes are observed stealing about, their owners fishing or trading. Now the lovely harbour of Bowen comes into view round Gloucester Island, and the little town shows at the back of the mile-long pier, embowered in luxuriant foliage like a Yorkshire village in Nidderdale. Bowen appear to be formed for the capital of a colony: the country all round undulates gradually—the harbour is landlocked, and large enough to contain an immense fleet, whilst hundreds of miles of fertile country fill up the background. Midway between Bowen and Townsville we steam through a mass of yellow muddy water. This is the Burdekin River, a stream of great breadth and depth, whose banks are bordered by numerous sugar plantations, and whose tide is now swelled by the heavy tropical rains, enabling the seafarer to trace its course for twenty miles to seaward. Now we approach the ever-busy, restless, feverish Townsville. A more lovely view can scarcely be imagined than that obtained after rounding Cape Cleveland, and running some ten miles into the harbour. The business portion of the town is invisible, but the residences of the inhabitants dotting the hillsides, and extending along the beach, with their lovely gardens, their white verandahs, and walled terraces, afford a most picturesque view. Townsville has outstripped Bowen in the race. It was scarcely in existence fifteen years ago, and now boasts three newspapers, a large foundry, freezing establishments for exporting meat to Europe, a railway, a large population, with its concomitants of schools, churches, &c. It is the seat of the Bishopric of Northern Queensland, and is the outlet for several extensive goldfields and a vast pastoral area. It is well-named the "Queen of the North." The jetty is not yet complete, so we drop anchor and receive our mails and passengers as usual. Soon Townsville is a dream of the past, and away we go through countless pine-clad isles. Magnetic, The Palms, The Franklands—all glide by us, like the banks of a river. We are protected from the rollers of the Pacific by the mighty Barrier Reef which stretches its rarely-broken coralline length a thousand miles along the Queens-

land coast. We pass the cedar-famed Daintree River, the sugar-renowned Tully, Mosman, and Johnson Rivers, the Grand Peak of Pieter, both rising 11,000 feet above the Bellenden Kerr Ranges, and now we are in historical seas. We steam over the shoals and reefs where, over a hundred years ago, that grand old navigator, Cook, sailed his leaky vessel, the *Endeavour*, to careen her on the sands of the river now named after his ship. The soundings are the same as laid down by Cook—nothing has changed in the harbour, but on shore the magic spell of gold has done its work. The vast treasures of the Palmer River were unearthed in 1873. The Endeavour River, being only a hundred miles from the spot, was chosen as the site for a seaport town. In three years it numbered its inhabitants by thousands. The port is being connected with the interior by a railway, and vessels from all parts of the East throng its harbour. We receive here a final cargo of passengers, mails, and provisions, and steam away northwards, still amongst islands, still with the lofty ranges of Queensland at our left, until 430 miles are passed, when the climax of the lovely Australian scenery is reached at the entrance to the township of Somerset. Through a long vista of beautiful headlands, clothed from the summit to the water's edge with tropical verdure, edged with beaches of golden sand, washed by the gentle ripple of the smiling strait, lies Albany Passage. As we steam gently along, lovely little shady nooks and corners, each a landscape in itself, delight the eye. One longs to linger and enjoy—to drink in the exquisite beauty of this Paradise in the wilderness; but Captain Mann is on duty, not pleasure, bent, so we steam steadily on till, on passing a fresh headland, we are greeted by the sight of a picturesquely-placed group of houses, the seat of Mr. Jardine, once Government Resident here, but now lord of all he surveys. We see the glorious flag of old England floating lazily in the summer air over the house; a boat puts off, courtesies are interchanged, and in a few minutes the *Roma* has reached the northernmost point of Queensland, and enters Torres Strait, 1,452 miles of the voyage are passed, and now we turn Westward Ho!

Thursday Island, a Government settlement, close to Cape York (the apex of Queensland), is to be our last Port of call in Australia. We haul up to a hulk to take in pearl shell, which is obtained in large quantities in the shallow seas of Torres Straits. We land, and are hospitably entertained by the Government Resident, Mr. Chester. By evening we steam away across the most lonely ocean of the Southern Hemisphere, the Arafura Sea. We still have a calm, untroubled surface, genial sunshine, with occasional showers. We expect to meet but one ship in the whole expanse of this dismal sea, and that one is a steamer belonging to the same Company on her outward voyage to Queensland. In two days we pass her at night, a ghostly vessel, with twinkling lights in her sides. We hear a faint cheer from her—it is the emigrants, three hundred in number, on their way to fresh woods and pastures new. A short span and we are again alone on a silent sea. Day after day passes in listless ease. We are, indeed, taking our ease in our inn—floating hotel would be the better name—for all the delicacies procurable ashore are here at the service of the voyager. Excellent dinners, good wines, attentive servants, pleasant company, fine weather, a smooth sea, and a fast ship,—what more is to be desired?

On the fourth day we again sight land—Timor this time. It is soon, however, a vision of the past, but two days later the huge conical Lombok looms up, and Java appears on our left hand. We coast along rapidly, passing rice, sugar, and banana plantations, and soon bring up in front of the fort and town of Banjowangie, of telegraph cable celebrity. There we get a Dutch pilot, we telegraph our arrival to Brisbane, and pass on our way to Batavia. Still a sea of glass. We pass sailing vessels with their sails listlessly hanging from the yards, and we wonder if they are doomed to remain here for ever, or until they drift helplessly on to the rocks. All day and night we are passing through narrow straits, that of Sapodie being the last, till we reach Batavia on the following day, or the eighteenth day from Brisbane. Here we come to anchor amidst a crowd of vessels of all sorts, sizes, and nationalities. A launch comes alongside, and we can go ashore till next day. Joyfully we depart, and soon find ourselves steaming up a canal for a couple of miles. The canal is crammed with native and Chinese craft, principally fishing-boats, with mat sails and cabins. We land at the Custom House, and proceed to walk to the city. Canals meet the eye everywhere, but a large tramcar, drawn by three diminutive Javanese ponies, seems to be the native conveyance. The people appear to swarm everywhere, so do the little carriages which ply for hire to the number of 5,000. We pass through a considerable part of the Chinese quarter, and finally hail a cab, I suppose we must call it, and drive fully two miles along a canal bordered with splendid trees, till we arrive at the Hotel des Nederlandes, a splendid building, profusely adorned with chandeliers, polished marble floors and pillars, and literally overrun with native servants. The bed rooms are ranged along a courtyard at the back, shaded, as is everything in Java, by trees of dense foliage. Damp is everywhere, the beds being the worst. We dine, but we do not like the dinner—it is Colonial Dutch—and raw, tough buffalo is, to say the least, not appetising. The fruits are superb and plentiful—so is cholera. The durian fruit, like an enormous Jack fruit, is never seen on European tables, its odour is—well—say extremely offensive. The natives enjoy it. There are plenty of sights worth seeing in Batavia. The excellent military band plays at night in the Grand Club Square.

Then there is a Museum filled with rare curios and antiquities, ancient breech-loading cannon, amongst other curiosities. Next the Botanical Gardens of Batavia, and those of Buitenzorg, and, last, not least, the queer-looking native troops with officers on diminutive ponies, the grass carriers and itinerant purveyors of meals, at something like a halfpenny a meal, and the fishermen at the port who abandon their boats, and throw their nets, standing over their middles in water. Add to all the chattering and yelling of the swarms of Chinese, Malays, Lascars, and Javanese, and Batavia must be pronounced worth seeing.

But all things have an end, and so has our visit. We have been fairly swindled by itinerant dealers. We have loaded our car with fancy rubbish, we have defied the cholera, and we come on board grateful for our floating home.

Five days later we cross the line—no need for Neptune, we have all performed the feat of crossing before, and four days more see us at anchor in the harbour of Colombo. Ceylon, as we coasted it, looked what it is—a gem in the Indian Ocean—and a nearer view, when we landed, and drove into the suburbs, only showed us more of the beauties of this lovely island. Of course, the acquaintance of the 600-year-old tortoise was made, but age appeared to have had the effect of making him stolid and sulky. His size is about three feet by two by eighteen inches thick. It is not worth a five-rupee drive to see him. Wine from the toddy palm is a fraud, we sipped, and were grateful—to get no more. And now we have eight days of the Arabian Sea before land again greets our eyes in the shape of Cape Guardafui. We meet plenty of outward and homeward-bound steamers, and our sea is still true to us—calm is the order of the day. Aden is our next port of call. We land there to inspect the forts and the wonderful tanks hewn out of the solid rock, capable of holding millions of gallons, if it would only once rain and fill them. They were quite dry at our visit. Leaving Aden we steam up the Red Sea. Now we have a breeze, but it is right behind us, and not strong enough to make us roll. We pass the barren rock Perim, which lies under the regis of the British flag. On the opposite side we see a house built by Napoleon III., abandoned, and only a resort for wandering Bedouins and pilgrims.

We are not far now, comparatively speaking, from European waters. We anxiously look out for Suez, and we keep looking out for four days when we arrive, discharge a few cocoa-nuts, and get well into the Suez Canal. We steam at the rate of two knots an hour for about seven hours, and then haul to the bank and make fast for the night. Next day our canal pilot starts us early. We pass many steamers tied up to allow us to go by, we get a view of Ismailia, we see a crowd of pilgrims at Kantara winding their way across the Desert, we see whirlwinds of sand, and find it excessively cold at this time of the year, and then the eighty-six miles of canal are passed, and we get into the crush of vessels at Port Said. The *Roma* is going to coal, so we go ashore. We wander all through the town with a rascally Dragoman, who shows us all the ins and outs of the place. And now we have done with the East, and all our interest concentrates upon Malta and Gibraltar. A headwind and sea retard our progress, but on the fifth day from Port Said we pass Malta close enough to see the town of Valetta, and to observe a few steamers and a gun-boat coming out of the harbour. Gozo next demands attention, but whilst we gaze and sketch the British stronghold fades into the distance, and we turn in to awaken in sight of Cape Bon, and later on in the afternoon of Cani Rock. Now we pass the French fleet gracefully manoeuvring, then a heavy sea gets up, and the *Roma* begins to manoeuvre as well in an unaccustomed manner. So we roll and pitch our way to Gibraltar, five days' steam from Malta. Instantly sketch-books are in requisition. The grim old rock is sketched after the fashion of Mr. Pecksniff's views of Salisbury Cathedral, *i.e.*, from every point of the compass except north. Ceuta, on the opposite side, shares the same fate. The famous Tarifa and Cape St. Vincent appear next day, Cape Espartel is succeeded by Lisbon and the Tagus' yellow flood, and we are now fairly exposed to the full swell of the Atlantic. The abandoned dinner-table testifies to the fact that a sea is getting up. The weather is thick and dirty. Next day a heavy beam sea betokens a heavier blow. Off Ushant the seas attack the *Roma's* lofty bridge, and the officer of the watch is glad to duck behind the weather cloths every now and then. But gale or no gale, the *Roma* drives through mist and billows, and drops anchor on the sixtieth day in Plymouth Harbour. We do not land, as it is pouring as it can pour sometimes in old England. At daylight we start for Gravesend. The morning breaks dark and threatening, the storm signals are up, but we turn from the gale, and drive furiously up Channel. The gale becomes a hurricane. We can only see a hundred yards or so ahead, the huge seas roll up to and break over the stern. Everything is battened down. Not a ship is stirring—all we meet with are hove to, many in a dilapidated condition. And now night comes on—there is no abatement in the furious gale. The doctor calms the fears of the ladies in the saloon, the Eastern crew lie down terrified, all the officers are on the *qui vive*. Towards morning the weather moderates a little, and by noon the sturdy *Roma* is safe in the Albert Dock, having run 310 miles in twenty-six hours.

We are once more on our native pavements, once more, after twenty odd years' voluntary exile, we lie in our comfortable bed in London, listening to the ceaseless roar of traffic, and wondering whether the voyage will not turn out to be a dream. But with the returning business hours, our luggage, and the agent's accompanying bill, satisfy us that we are again at home.

A. J. B.

VENTILATED

"My dear sir," said Darkins, sniffing and shaking his head ominously, "I wonder that you are alive. Why, sir? What a question! How can you expect to live, sir, in such an atmosphere as this? Where is your oxygen? Where is the vital gas that is necessary for your existence? Burnt up by your fire, consumed by your lamp. There is none left for you to breathe. You ought to be a dead man."

"I'm very sorry to go against the laws of Nature," I replied. "Perhaps I ought to be, but one can't sit with the window open this weather."

"Of course not," replied Darkins, with a sneer.

"And if I keep the door open, I have stiff necks."

"To be sure; of course," said Darkins.

"Then what am I to do?" I asked.

"What are you to do?" cried Darkins, who turned his face up to the bust of the gentleman who had his skull mapped out to show its bumps for the benefit of posterity, "he says what is he to do?" he exclaimed appealingly. "Really, Scribe," he continued, "you are too bad;" and he left me, evidently classified in his mind as a hopeless case.

Now, of course, it is very unpleasant to be treated like that by a man who sets himself up on a pedestal, and talks down at you as if you were so ignorant that you must be taught; so the effect of Darkins's visit was to set me thinking about having ventilation for my room, and for the next hour I made the atmosphere worse with smoke from a dirty black pipe, and thought out what I knew about ventilators.

First I thought of the monstrous cowl over the Old Bailey Court—a cowl which is supposed to ventilate that place, and does not. Then of St. James's Hall, with its roof, which presents so charming an aspect from the north, dotted all over as it is with ventilators that give it the appearance of a Surinam toad with its young stuck on its back. Then I thought of those monstrous canvas stockings that the sailors call "wind-sails," and which are let down the hatches on board ships. Then I thought of the huge coal fires lit at the bottom of shafts to ventilate coal-pits; of the little spinning thing seen in the windows of country tap-rooms; of the ventilation of the House of Commons; of the ventilation of that theatrical tank, the Criterion Theatre, on the private view day years ago, when some one turned on the hot-air tap instead of the cold, and at one time it seemed as if there was likely to be cold roast critic—not missionary—on somebody's sideboard the next day.

In fact, I thought out all I knew about ventilation, and it did not amount to much, while no idea that entered my head seemed suitable to adapt to my study.

At one moment I felt disposed to experiment first upon somebody else's house, but there was no opportunity; or upon the dining-room, for of course Darkins' words were startling, and I did not want to be asphyxiated; but it seemed so cowardly to be giving other people stiff necks and neuralgic pains while the apparatus was being perfected, that I determined to brave all, and have the ventilator I was about to insert placed in my own room.

Have you an inventive brain? No? Then be thankful, for such a brain is worse than a disposition to gamble. There is some excitement in gambling, even if you lose, while you may win. You do not often, but still you may; but there is no excitement in connection with an inventive brain. It only brings sorrow, for it is the friend of the British Workman who cannot renail a loose slate without first erecting a scaffold, the said scaffold being brought in a cart. You cannot ventilate your room without the help of the British Workman; hence I say, that your inventive brain is sure to bring you sorrow and expense.

My first attempt was in the direction of the chimney. There was a shaft ready to carry away the foul air from my room; but as foul air gathers at the top, and the opening into the chimney was at the bottom, it was necessary to open that shaft close to the ceiling.

This opening was made, and I draw a veil over the work done with

hammer and cold chisel by a bricklayer as he cut through the wall. I will conceal, too, the difficulties we had with the ironmonger, who constructed for me a slight iron door that worked upon pins. Suffice it that the hole was prepared, the iron door fitted into the cavity, and all that door or shutter had to do was to swing happily on two well-oiled pivots, and allow itself to be opened by the indraught, so as to let the foul air pass into the chimney, closing directly after when the foul air had gone.

That is what that ventilator ought to have done. What it did do was to let the smoke and blacks come pouring out of the chimney every time the door was opened, smothering everything, and setting up such an irritation in my nose that I seemed to have a terrible cold, as soon as I had recovered from which I had the ventilator bricked up and mortared, turning my mind in a different direction for a plan.

In the course of the next twelve months, I had a ventilator in my window like a glass Venetian blind; a shutter in my door; an arrangement to keep the window from quite closing at the top; a revolving 'an in the wall behind the bookcase; a trapdoor in the floor under the table, and a hole under the grate into the open air. The result was expenses, bills, and a disheartening knowledge that a contrivance that succeeded when the wind was in the east was troublesome when it was in the west, a horror when it was in the south, and an abominable insufferable nuisance when it was in the north. Now if any one likes to make a study of this problem, he may, as it were, box the compass, and find that the varieties of suffering inflicted by a ventilator when the wind is N.N.W., S.W. by S., N.N.E., and so on, and so on, are beautifully graduated. It is quite a study, and the changes are really mathematical. Some people might like to work out the problem. For my part, I preferred to do away with the deeds of darkness, as Mrs. Scribe called them, and to try something else.

My experience leads me to believe that the only perfect form of obtaining pure ventilation about you is to take a camp-stool and open it upon a hill. Then sit down, breathe freely and defy the world. The plan has its inconveniences, especially when the weather is wet, and an umbrella is a necessity; but it beats man's ordinary inventions, and is the only good thing out.

"I'll have one more try," I said, "and if that fails, I'll settle down to asphyxiation."

I took the idea from a theatre, and it was so simple that I wondered I had not thought of it before. For there was a sun-light blazing away over the centre of the pit, and above it a great tube which, of course, when started by the heated current, sucked all the vitiated air out of the house.

"That's my plan," I said, and all that night I was in a confused dreamy state in which by turns I was Bob Sackett and Peregrine Porter, hunted about by gasfitters, and enduring fourteen days' imprisonment in a cell with no ventilation at all.

I woke up in a profuse perspiration, to find that I had my head under the clothes. But when I tried again to sleep in a less suffocating position, I began dreaming that I was a monk of the Order of Ventilators, and that I had to go about wearing a zinc cowl, and carrying a sweep's bag to collect soot.

Then there was a sort of dissolving view, and I was back in the Criterion, being cooked; and its courteous manager was taking me out into Piccadilly now and then to see if I was done; but I was not, for the arrangements were now so perfect that people could not even get warm.

And then I woke, and found it was nine o'clock, and the horrible night was at an end. But not my thoughts of a ventilator. That day I had a gasfitter in, and laid bare my plans, and he said, of course, it was the very thing he should have proposed to make the room right. "It do smell rather bad now."

What he called bad was only the odour from thirty rather ancient black pipes on the chimney-piece; but let that pass.

He came, and not content with taking possession of my study, he had half the floor up in the bedroom overhead, along which he laid a large iron pipe, carrying it up the wall and out into the open air, with an "elbow," as he called it, though I have not the least notion what that was, unless it was the conical helmet, like a squeezed-down extinguisher, which the pipe wore over its head.

At last the gasfitter departed, after bringing in his bill, which was a succession of charges in connection with prepositions, for before setting down any amount he began a line with "To cutting ceiling;"—"To taking up bedroom floor;"—"To 900 feet of inch pipe," and so on.

"You'll find it a great success, sir," he said, as he bowed and thanked me. So it ought to have been for the money I paid. There was not much to look at, only three little fish-tail burners that seemed to belong to fish that had dived out of sight in a little silvered globe just below a hole in the ceiling. When lit the contrivance certainly illumined the room well; but I was obliged to have a candle when I wanted to write, for my head was always performing a sort of transit of Mercury over the writing paper. In fact, I never did have one of those clear, transparent heads that one reads of in biographies.

You started that light by turning on a tap in a niche down beside the bookcase; and then holding up a taper at the end of a little fishing-rod; but you had to do it quickly, or else something happened. The first time I lit it was one evening when I had just dressed to go out to dinner, and had come down to write a letter, for Mrs. Scribe was not likely to be ready for another half-hour. I turned on the tap, and tried to light the taper, but the first match broke, being cross-grained. So did the next; but I got a light at last, raised my fishing-rod to the ceiling, and then the beast of a thing went off with a roar. This was followed by a tremendous bump and a crash, and as I ran out, the bedroom door was opened and Mrs. Scribe came rushing out.

"George, George!" she shouted, "exploded—dynamite—under the bed."

It was a long time before I could soothe her, and make her believe that I had not offended the dynamite faction; but I had to be very careful with that little sun-light ever after. In fact, it was best to have one person to turn on the tap and the other to be ready to put the fire to the touch-hole. Then it went off gently, lit up the room, and certainly sucked out a good deal of the hot air, though I never felt a bit the better for it: in fact I used to find the room rather cool.

I did not have that thing long. There were reasons for not having it in use. One night I sat up, writing till a couple of hours after my usual time, and when at last I tumbled into bed I was very weary, but there was no sleep for me. I was just dozing off when my wife shook me by the shoulder, and I found that she was sitting up in bed sniffing.

"What, another fresh cold?" I said.

"I'm sure I can smell fire," she said.

I have always found it impossible under these circumstances to lie down and continue my rest. It generally has to be continued in our next attempt. In this case I hastily donned my lower garments and dressing-gown, and searched for the danger in the dark. Mrs. Scribe always forbidding a candle for fear there should be an escape of gas. She was quite right; she could smell fire, and after a few futile efforts to extinguish a smouldering of considerable extent in the bedroom floor, my wife in a panic called in a policeman, and he fetched the firemen, who came with their engine, and one of the men put the fire out with a sort of tin bucket thing and a kind of squirt. But before he had finished there were four more engines, and a crowd outside, the latter being very much dissatisfied because our house did not make a good blaze.

"Iron pipe in floor, connected with gas sun-light and ventilator, overheated; floor of bedroom and study ceiling destroyed."

So ran the report, and the insurance people grumbled a good deal at having to pay. But they did pay, and we escaped with the nuisance and the fright. Since then I have come to the conclusion that I should like to kick Darkins, for though ventilators are no doubt a great benefit to humanity, I was very happy before Darkins spoke, and I don't mean to let any one try to improve me again. If I am asphyxiated—well, that's my business, not Darkins's; so let me rest.

G. M. F.

THE ISLAND OF RUGEN

AN amusing controversy lately took place in one of our contemporaries concerning the Island of Rugen. It would seem that two years ago some letters were published in the aforesaid journal extolling the scenery and charms of this favourite summer resort of Berliners, and North German folk generally, and so much were certain English readers taken by these descriptions that the following year they set out in search of the El Dorado of the Baltic.

Unfortunately, however, they had forgotten the itineraries laid down by the writer of the glowing letters alluded to, and landed on the wrong side of the island. Having got so far as Bergen and Pubus (which is interesting in its way, though not characteristic of Rugen scenery), and finding little to reward them for their pains, they straightway turned their faces homewards in high dudgeon with what they supposed to be unvarnished, or at least fantastic travellers' tales. They should have made Sassnitz, over against Swinemünde, their halting-place, and thence explored the romantic coast scenery between that little fishing village and the Königstuhl, the culminating point of Rugen scenery. The illustrations on page 148 serve to convey some idea of the lofty chalk cliffs; "silvery parapets," running sheer down to a limpid, tideless sea; the ancient beech-woods cresting the summits, and clothing the precipitous sides down to the very water's edge; which make this part of Rugen so romantic. It is, above all, the close proximity of wood and sea that constitute one of the chief charms of Rugen as a summer resort. You may walk under dense shadow, with the musical little waves rippling at your feet.

Thousands of German visitors now flock to Rugen during the summer holidays, and there is daily communication between the island and the Continent by steamers from Swinemünde and Stralsund. The fine old church and Rathaus of the latter town are well worth a visit, and its streets abound in picturesque old houses. The port of Stralsund, too, as witnessed by the traveller when he steams out of the quay for Rugen, is very striking. Our three illustrations of the island itself show different points of the splendid coast scenery between Sassnitz and the Königstuhl, where the chalk cliffs attain their loftiest height and most romantic outline. Alike from above and below the view is beautiful and striking in the extreme. And although the sights of the island may be counted on the fingers, its quiet beauties and inconspicuous charms are numberless, as German artists have not been slow to find out. For once and for all we may as well state that Rugen is not a place for tourists in delicate health, or for those who are fastidious in the matter of eating and drinking. On the other hand, there is the satisfaction of getting off the beaten track, and of living for a time among German folks, always so sociable in holiday time.

A VILLAGE CRICKET MATCH

THE Village Cricket Club is an institution which, when properly managed, does more good in a parish towards establishing friendly relations between classes than all the Friendly Societies put together, or even a course of sermons on brotherly kindness. It is a happy mixture of oligarchy and socialism; all the members, rich and poor, who pay their half-crown subscription, have equal rights and privileges in relation to one another, while the Squire, who gives the ground, and his son, who in all probability captains the eleven, have a practical supremacy, which, so long as it is exercised obviously for the benefit of the club, will be ungrudgingly conceded as their due.

Throughout the summer months, after their day's work is over, the young men and boys, instead of lounging off to the public-house, or looking out for that proverbial bit of mischief which is supplied gratis from below, congregate on the cricket-ground for practice. It really is a marvellous tribute to the attractiveness of the game that these men, who have been on their legs all day labouring in the sun, are positively reinvigorated by the prospect of batting, bowling, fielding, and running about generally till long after sunset; they will even pursue the game till it becomes almost too dark to see the ball at all.

But though the practice is an end in itself, as few persons, we think, would deny, yet what the field-day is to the Volunteer, the regatta to the rowing-man, the tournament to the lawn-tennis player, such is the cricket match to the Village Club,—the justification of its existence.

A match has been arranged with the neighbouring parish of Stow-in-the-Marsh, and for at least a fortnight beforehand the captain is devoting his energies to the selection of a team. There are always a certain number of members whose services are indispensable: there is the gardener, who bowls fast underhand very straight, and bats left-handed—it is curious to notice that out of eleven rustics six almost invariably are left-handed; there is the blacksmith, who hits very hard and very high, without the least regard for the bowler's feelings; and there is the farmer's son, who excels in keeping wicket, and is admirably described by his fellow-cricketers as being "as sharp on the ball as a cat on a mouse." These, with the captain, form the reliable foundation for an eleven; four more are generally chosen without difficulty, and the last three places remain to be filled. The boy who minds the village shop has a claim to be chosen as having lately developed a turn for slow bowling, but it is always doubtful whether he can be spared for a whole day; a stableman has been noted for his hard hitting in practice, but it is whispered that "he's got such a poor spirit when it comes to a match," which means to say that he loses his head on these occasions; or a garden lad is pretty good all round, but his elder brother, who is also a member of the club, would be hurt not to be played before him, and these little things have to be considered.

At last, however, the difficulties are smoothed over, and when the day fixed for the event arrives, eleven good men and true have been selected to do battle for their club.

Fortunately the weather is perfect, and at half-past eleven—just half-an-hour late—the Stow-in-the-Marsh representatives drive up in state on to the ground. The umpires of the respective sides then hold a solemn consultation; if they were seconds in a duel, they could not be more punctiliously correct; they measure out the ground, pitch the stumps, and paint the creases; the home umpire informs his colleague what are to be considered boundary hits, and they formally agree, which nobody ever questioned, that there shall be five balls to an over.

These preliminaries having been arranged according to strict etiquette—for the village umpire is an old player, and knows what is due to his position—the captains toss, and the match begins; the home team going first to the wickets. The scoring is not fast, for in these matches the bowling is usually better than the batting, and the intricacies of the ground help the attack. One by one the

wickets fall, and there begins to be a danger of a rot setting in, till two schoolboys, who are at home for the holidays, get together. These evince some contempt for the slow bowling, and while they play the fast bowler with straight bats, hit out merrily at the other end. Favoured by a few catches dropped in the long field, they bring the score up to a respectable figure; the bowler shrugs his shoulders, and asks how he is to be expected to get wickets if nobody can hold a catch; but eventually the boys are disposed of, and return to the tent amid loud clappings from the spectators, especially from their sisters, who, if the truth were known, have been quite as anxious as their brothers that the latter should cover themselves with glory.

After luncheon the number of onlookers increases considerably: a village match is a sort of recognised half-holiday for every one, and the population turns out just as certainly as when in the winter the hounds are about the place. It is to be feared that the applause is rather one-sided, and the visitors do not get their fair share of the clapping, but then they do not expect it, and know that their turn will come when the return match is played at Stow-in-the-Marsh next month.

Meantime it is getting late in the afternoon: three innings have been played, and the home team are left with only 52 runs to the good; but a score of 52 is not always beaten, and they console themselves with the reflection that good teams have often been dismissed for less than half a century. The gardener is exhorted to bowl his straightest, and walks out into the field with a look of determination in his eye. In his first over he appeals against the batsman for obstructing his wicket, and the appeal is allowed. The obstructionist retires in high dudgeon, and, as an irrefutable proof of the justice of the decision, declares that he never yet was given out leg-before in his life. The umpire, meanwhile, is explaining with wonderful accuracy to the bowler, who is not likely to contradict him, the exact spot where the ball would have hit the wicket if the batsman's leg had not been interposed.

There are two more wickets to fall and four runs to get. The excitement is intense. Two runs are added, and then a smart catch at cover-point brings in the last player. Determined to have the glory of winning the match, he runs out to the first ball, intending to lift it clean over the nearest tree. There is a moment of suspense, he misses it, and the young farmer, with the rapidity of a Pilling, has whipped off the bails and won the match.

ICI

PLEGMOND THE EREMIT

WITHIN his cell old Plegmond sat,
Distemper'd, sad, and cramped with cold;
To pass the lagging hours he gat
A pond'rous volume, torn and old.

He read in that most ancient book,
So quaintly writ by monkish pen,
How Guthlac all the world forsook,
And left for aye the haunts of men:

How he did scorch his limbs with fire,
To purge the spirit of all taint;
And how, by flagellations dire,
He vexed his flesh till he grew faint.

Sighed Plegmond, "I shall ne'er attain
To sanctity so great as this;
My fasts and vigils prove in vain,
And all my efforts come amiss.

"I, too," said he, "have left my kin,
And sought retreat with frenzied haste;
Yet am I steeped in deadly sin,
And life is bitter to the taste.

"Fain would I oust the ghostly fears
That in my soul's dark confines dwell;
But prayer and penance, cries and tears,
Avail not 'gainst the hosts of hell.

"Thou art, O Lord, my refuge still,
And thus I humbly bend my knee;
Vouchsafe me power to learn Thy Will,
And send me Light that I may see!

"Clogg'd by cold forms, I feel the stress
Of leaden wings that will not soar;
Must I, esteeming prayer no less,
Rely on Deeds of Goodness more?

"Oh, tell me Lord, what I must do,
To gain from Thee the boon of Grace;
Direct my soul; my heart renew;
No longer hide from me Thy face!

"Hark! Sweet as music heard in sleep,
Songs fresh from Eden charm mine ear;
Celestial forms that round me sweep,
Proclaim a Holy Presence near!

"Oh, Blessed be Thy Sacred Name,
For Thou dost send to me a sign;
The token sets my soul aflame,
And stirs my feeble pulse like wine!"

Then Plegmond rose, and trembling stood
With dazed look, the while there shone
Around his crucifix of wood
A glory brighter than the sun.

He cast his eyes upon the ground,
For mortal could not look and live,—
Enough for him, that he had found
The Grace which God alone can give.

"The Light," said he, "grows faint, yet leaves
For my behoof a latent glow,
By which the inward eye perceives
The way 'tis meet that I should go.

"My course is clear, and I will take
The rugged path that has been trod,
By those who of Good Deeds did make
A stair by which they clomb to God.

"Henceforth I'll work, as well as pray,
To make mine own salvation sure;
For Thoughts, like breath, may pass away,
But Deeds are fruitful, and endure!"

Then Plegmond to the city went,
And preached Peace, amid the strife;
There, working for the Lord, he spent
The remnant of his holy life.

HENRY ECCLESTON



HUGH, THIRD DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
Ambassador-Extraordinary at the Coronation of Charles X. of
France, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.



EARL PERCY
Commander of the British Troops at the Battle of
Bunker's Hill.

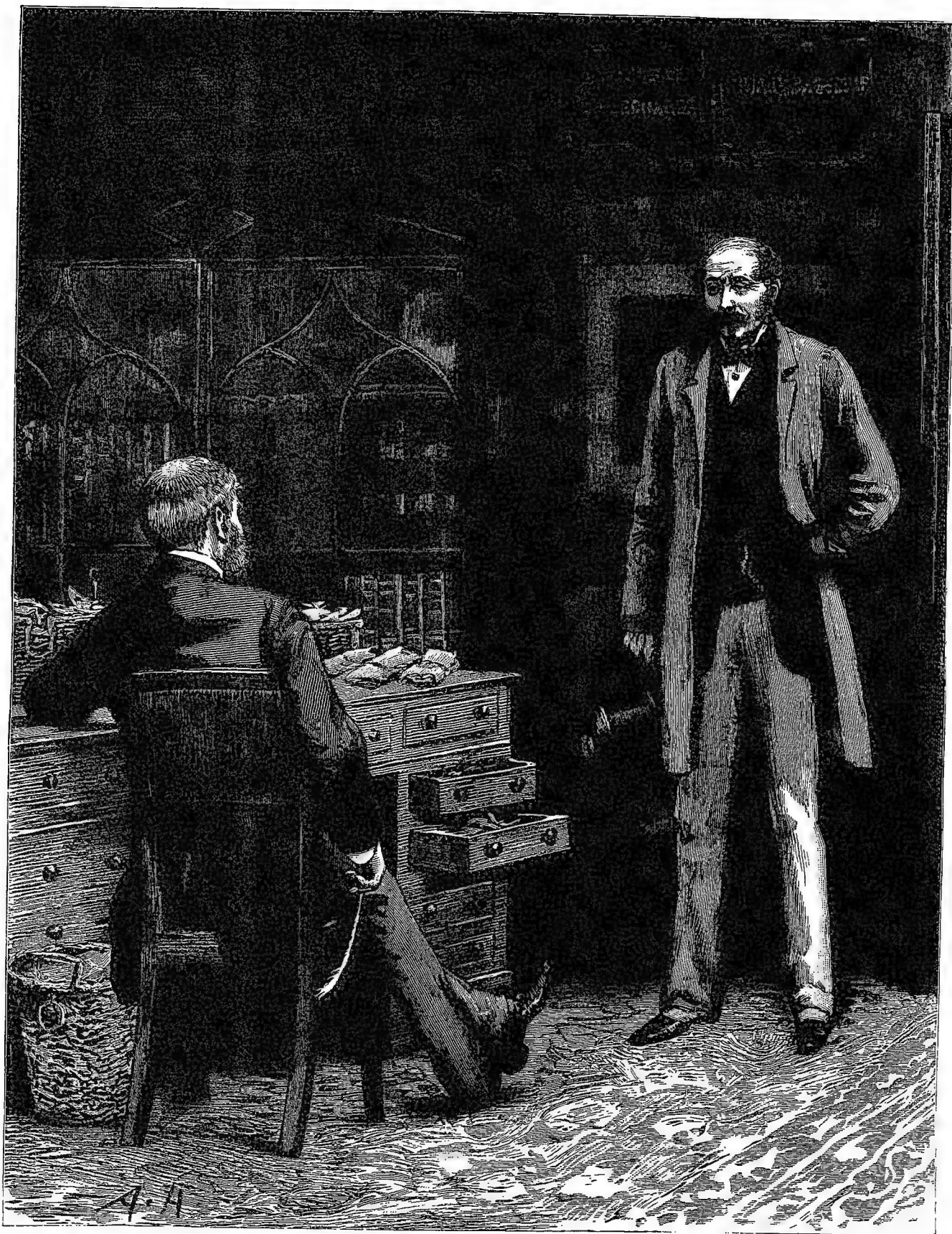


ALGERNON, FOURTH DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
The Restorer of Alnwick Castle.

THREE FAMILY PORTRAITS



THE DINING-ROOM
ALNWICK CASTLE



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Is it racing or money-lending brings you here?"

FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

SAM PEARSON, SOLICITOR

MR. SAM PEARSON resided in a very pleasant house, standing in prettily laid out grounds some little distance outside Micklegate Bar, in short, just before you came to "The Mount." Very handy, indeed, this to the Knavesmire, and Mr. Pearson always kept open house during York races. The big county is notorious for its astuteness in the matter of horseflesh, but the solicitor enjoyed the reputation of being more than a match for any horsedealer within miles of the North-Country capital, and was as shrewd a judge of both men and racing as any one in those parts. It was considered half the battle in a horse-case to have Sam Pearson on your side. His practice was peculiar though extensive, consisting in a great measure of these last-named causes and also the extrication of gentlemen from pecuniary difficulties. Mr. Pearson was, in short, a racing solicitor,—a man who, had you security, would find you the money to pay for a high-priced yearling or to settle at Tattersall's. People who find money after this fashion don't do it for nothing, and that Mr. Pearson should pluck a good many quilled feathers from his client for his own benefit was only in accordance with the regular order of things. Keen and sharp as he was in practice, the solicitor was, perhaps, all the more dangerous for a genial *bonhomie* that was

apt to make his customers overlook the price they were paying for accommodation. His easy, sanguine manner communicated itself to them, and people who came reluctantly, but still with the grim knowledge that a certain sum must be raised at whatever sacrifice, were wont to walk out of his office impressed with the idea that borrowing money at forty per cent., washed down by a glass of wonderful old brown sherry, was rather a rollicking piece of business than otherwise.

Mr. Writson said no more than the truth when he told Gerald that he fancied there would be little to be done with Sam Pearson. Mr. Writson was a steady old family solicitor, and though his *amour propre* forbade him to believe he was not a match for any man in his own profession, yet he had an uncomfortable consciousness that upon this occasion he was pitted against the sharpest practitioner in all the West Riding. As for York and the countryside generally, I think they would have exclaimed:

"What! old Writson against Sam Pearson? Why it's a guinea to a gooseberry on Sam!"

Mr. Pearson had his offices in Lenhall Street; a handy situation, no distance from either the Market or Coney Street, both places to which clients of his were pretty well bound to resort, and two or three days after his interview with Gerald, Mr. Writson stepped into the outer office, and sent in his card by one of the clerks. That the

two solicitors knew one another was a matter of course; they had met as antagonists before the magistrates, and also in the Assize Courts, many a time. That Mr. Writson should be received as soon as possible was a matter of professional etiquette, and he was speedily shown into Mr. Pearson's private sanctuary.

"Delighted to see you, my dear Writson. Almost unnecessary to ask after your health, for I never saw you looking better. Sharp weather, sir. Sharp as a solicitor in good practice, a little overdone for the matter of that. Interferes terribly with the hunting. But what am I saying? As if that was a thing concerned you. Pray sit down, and let me know if there is anything I can do for you."

"Well, Mr. Pearson," said the elder attorney, whose formal and somewhat old-fashioned manner contrasted very much with the genial, off-hand carelessness of the other, "I have called to represent Mr. Gerald Rockingham, and look after his interests in the winding-up of his father's affairs."

"A profitless occupation," laughed Pearson. "You'll find, I'm afraid, there is very little picking to be got off those bones."

"You don't seem to follow me quite," retorted Writson a little sharply. "I'm here to ascertain what it is possible to save out of the wreck for the widow and children."

"Tut, man; don't be so touchy. Salvage has always been one

of the privileges of our craft. It is rather rough on the boy, I admit, to suddenly discover that his father has sucked the orange, and that he has merely inherited the skin; but it is so. Alister Rockingham lived all his life as if his purse was bottomless; and mind, was not the man to brook either interference or advice. My instructions were generally a brief intimation that I must find so much money at very short notice: no need to tell you that that meant bills bearing pretty stiff interest, and then, of course, came the old story of renewing; after which, as we all know, it is a mere question of time. Poor Rockingham was so far favoured that his fortune just saw him out; had he lived, nothing could have saved Cranley Chase from the hammer this year."

"Surely," exclaimed Writson, "you might have expostulated with him upon his reckless career?"

"Of course I might," replied Pearson cheerfully; "and enjoyed the gratification of seeing some other of my brethren undertake what my very high principles had rendered me squeamish about. I have a wife and family," continued Pearson with mock solemnity. "The extensive borrowing of money throws very pretty pickings in the way of the legal gentleman who has the management of it; and in justice to my belongings, it was not for me to let another pick up gold and silver, for the pocketing of which I had been vouchsafed the first opportunity. No, no, Writson," added Pearson laughing; "I'm pretty straight; but you can't expect me to take off my hat, and say, 'After you, sir,' when it comes to who is to be first on Tom Tiddler's ground."

"Well," rejoined the elder solicitor; "I most assuredly haven't come to talk over either sentiment or morality, sorry though I may be to see a good old county name struck off the roll; but I presume I can see all the deeds, mortgages, and otherwise, in short, all the records of these money-borrowing transactions?"

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," replied the other. "Now, suppose you come and take a bit of dinner with me. I'll give you a rare good bottle of claret, or port if you prefer it, and then we could run through all these papers over a cigar afterwards; what do you say?"

"I regret, Mr. Pearson, that I don't smoke; and that I've been brought up not to mix business matters with after-dinner enjoyments. If you will kindly let me know what day I can go over those papers with you here, I will call in again; and now I'll wish you good morning."

Sam Pearson gave vent to a low whistle as the door closed on his visitor.

"Well, of all the old broomsticks," he muttered, "that ever I came across! He's as stiff, as wooden, and with about as much in him as is comprised within that very commonplace implement."

Another knock at the door cut short the lawyer's meditations; and he was informed by one of his clerks that Mr. Elliston wanted to see him.

"Show him in," replied Pearson; and as his visitor entered, he rose to shake hands with him.

"Sit down," he continued. "Is it racing or money-lending brings you here? The former, I hope; because there's a want of appreciation of your autograph that makes the latter occupation somewhat difficult."

"You needn't be afraid; I've not come to trouble you about anything of that sort. I only want to talk to you about the horses. We have got two good clinking four-year-olds in the stable in Caterham and Phaeton; and as the latter beat the Two Thousand winner in the Leger, last September, both the handicappers and the public are bound to conclude Phaeton the best horse of the two. Now we know he is just as many pounds behind Caterham as they will think him in front. It strikes me that our game would be to run Phaeton out at Ascot, and keep Caterham for the autumn handicaps."

"Yes," said Pearson musingly, "those appear to be sound tactics; Phaeton is quite safe to pick up a race or two at Ascot, which will, of course, impress that credulous community, known as the British public, more than ever with his superiority to Caterham. Yes, there seems a possibility of doing a smartish amount of business that way; but we're cruel unlucky with the young ones, none of the two-year-olds seem any good, nor the threes either, unless it's that iron-grey colt—"

"And he has the temper of Satan," interposed Elliston quickly. "Lord Glasgow was right. When you are cursed with brutes of that description, the best thing is to shoot 'em right off."

"Yes," rejoined Pearson; "I don't suppose we shall do any good with him."

"Absurd to think otherwise. And now listen to what I've principally come to see you about. They have got a dark colt, called Pibroch, by the Piper, out of Maggie Lauder, down at Newmarket, which I hear has done something very big. I know there's a big commission out to back it by the stable for the Two Thousand; and I think, old man, we had better swim in the same boat."

"All right. I suppose you can place implicit reliance on your information? They are laying a goodish price against that colt at present, and therefore you had better attend to it as soon as you get back to town, or wire, if you're going to linger down here. Now I've a little bit of news for you. Gerald Rockingham is going to institute a rigorous inquiry into his late father's affairs."

"Well," replied Elliston, "I should think that that matters very little to you; it may be inconvenient to me if sundry unredeemed promissory notes should come to light—no need to tell you that I borrowed a good bit of money from Alister in days gone by."

"Yes," rejoined Pearson, with a tinge of contempt in his tones, "I can easily imagine that; and yet you would not let me give him a hint about Phaeton for the Leger. If these bills exist they're not in my keeping, but will very likely be found amongst the late Squire's papers at the Chase."

"Well, if they come into the hands of that young cub he can't make any use of them. I conclude they are all long overdue?"

"No," rejoined Pearson, looking at his turf confederate, through half closed eyes; "I should think not; but if Gerald Rockingham chooses to publish the fact of their existence, and to hand them about now that it is generally known that he has been left pretty well penniless, I think it would be unpleasant for you in a social point of view."

Sam Pearson was pretty unscrupulous, and a very keen practitioner to boot, but even he stood aghast sometimes at the cynical cold-blooded selfishness of Cuthbert Elliston. From his boyhood Elliston had never left a desire ungratified that could be obtained at the expense of his fellows. What it might cost them was a matter of little moment to him. Of good family, he still held a brave front before the world, though there were items in his record which if brought to light were even more than the easy-going society of our times could condone. Ruthless he had been from his youth to either man or woman, sacrificing them all in turn to the mere gratification of the moment; but he was a good-looking man, even yet with a plausible manner and soft caressing address, apt to prepossess people in his favour; in reality false, heartless, and relentless as a panther, and well-nigh as dangerous when brought to bay. Whatever his shortcomings might be, there were three things which no one could accuse Cuthbert Elliston of lacking—nerve, determination, and bitterness of tongue; and yet no one who didn't know him would have guessed what savage sarcasm could fall from the lips of a man rather remarkable for his low trainant tones.

"There's something in what you say, Pearson," he remarked, as he lit a cigarette, "but you don't quite understand the game, you see. You're a devilish clever solicitor, and there's no better judge of

racing in England, but you know about as much of London society as you do of Central Africa. Used, as you suggest, by Alister Rockingham, known all through the London world, and the story of these bills would have been, as you say, a very unpleasant fact to face; but in the hands of a boy like Gerald, known to nobody, the thing is very different. Bah! that for any harm he could do me," and Cuthbert Elliston snapped his fingers contemptuously.

Sam Pearson said no more, the subject did not concern him, nor was it one he particularly cared to discuss. There were times when the lawyer distrusted his confederate. He invariably kept a very strict eye upon him, and as William Greyson was devoted to him Pearson preconceived, and not unjustly, that Elliston, whatever he might do with other people, was at all events bound to deal fairly with him.

"You're quite right, Elliston," he replied, good-humouredly; "I don't pretend to any knowledge of the London world. I heard from Greyson yesterday morning, and he says the horses are all doing well, and coming on nicely. It's no use our going over to Riddleton yet, but you must come down and put up with me a little later on, and we'll go over there and have a regular talk with Greyson about the forthcoming campaign. He will know still more about the nags than he does now. I suppose you go back to town pretty soon?"

"Off by the afternoon train, and, as I want to get something to eat before I start, I shall wish you goodbye. Drop me a line when you want me. As you say, visiting a training-ground at this time of year is cold and unprofitable. Good-bye," and so saying Mr. Elliston strolled leisurely out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REVEREND ROBERT THORNDYKE

Two months have elapsed since Alister Rockingham's death, and his widow and daughter are established in a small house just outside the Minster Close. They have not as yet made any fresh acquaintances, but the Rockinghams of Cranley Chase are well known to all the principal Church dignitaries in York, and none of them had failed to leave cards on them. Alister Rockingham had been a very popular man—"a right good fellow, no one's enemy but his own" was the universal verdict, and sincere commiseration for Mrs. Rockingham and her children was the general feeling all through the city and the countryside. What had become of Gerald no one exactly knew. He had disappeared immediately after establishing his mother and sister in their present modest abode, and all they knew about him was that he was in Cambridgeshire, where he said that he had got work to do which would enable him to get a living, though it was naturally quite unconnected with the University. Poor Mrs. Rockingham troubled herself very little about what this occupation might be. But with Ellen it was different, and she felt very inquisitive as to what it was her brother was doing; but his father's death had made a great difference in Gerald; he had passed from boyhood to manhood at one bound; and to all inquiries from his sister made short answer, adding that she might deem his present employment derogatory to a Rockingham, but that Rockinghams must live, and that he found it impossible to do so on the family dignity. Miss Rockingham was not a little astonished; she recognised quite as quickly as her mother did the change in Gerald's character. As his eldest sister, she had been accustomed to patronise and sometimes snub him; she understood now that this phase of sisterly subjugation was passed. Our relatives are a little slow to do this, and are wont to overlook the fact that we are no longer children.

"It's a come down, mother, after Cranley Chase; still, the little house is clean and comfortable, and I shouldn't so much mind if it wasn't for the terrible want of earnestness of purpose manifest amongst all these Cathedral dignitaries. They seem to think choral services and brilliant sermons is the limit of their calling. I miss my work at Cranley dreadfully, I feel myself so utterly useless here."

"I am sure you need not fret, dear Ellen, about that. There are plenty of parish priests in York who are quite outside the Minster circle; in a big city like this you may depend on it any of these will find you plenty of such employment as you wish for without difficulty."

"Yes; I heard yesterday that the Rector of St. Margaret's was a real hard-working parish priest. I think, mother, I should like to make his acquaintance."

"Surely there will be time enough, child, for that later on. We are still within the shadow of our great loss."

"True, dearest mother," cried the girl, rising, and caressing her as she spoke, "but grief becomes no easier to bear to people of my age and temperament by sitting still with our hands in our lap. I want work," continued Ellen, almost passionately—"something to take me out of myself. I have been accustomed to a good deal of it, you know, during the last two or three years, and this enforced idleness maddens me. I pray don't think that I have forgotten our trouble any more than yourself; but we do not all meet our sorrows in similar fashion."

Mrs. Rockingham stared at her daughter in no little astonishment. Ellen was a singularly undemonstrative young woman, sparing of her caresses, and reticent of any display of emotion; one of those self-contained natures who, when they are really moved, are wont to astonish those nearest and dearest to them. Whether in love, anger, or righteous indignation, the habitual restraints once broken down they rage like a tornado, and the intensity of their emotions, once exhausted, seem to collapse with a sob and a shiver, after the manner of such fierce and fitful storms. Ellen Rockingham had, so to speak, been for the last three years beating against the bars. A quick, clever, intellectual girl, the dull, country society to which she had been condemned wearied her to death; for, since she had come out, the Squire's reduced means had not admitted of indulgence in a London season for his wife and daughter. A few weeks for himself, *en garçon*, about Epsom and Ascot times, had been all he could afford; while the ladies were left to vegetate in Cranley Chase. Now and again she met at some of the great houses in the neighbourhood a few brilliant talkers from that great world which it seemed she was never destined to enter; and so at last, to relieve the intolerable dullness, Ellen Rockingham chose to consider herself endowed with a mission—namely, that of the regeneration of the rustic population of Cranley. Well, she took it out of herself a good deal in this way, and that, with the assistance of long solitary gallops on the back of her favourite mare, had constituted her life for the last two or three years. She got on badly with girls of her own age; questions of paramount importance in their minds had no interest for her. Dress! No one could ever say but what Miss Rockingham was well dressed; but still it was due to no exertion on her part. She had a good figure, a mother with exquisite taste, and a very clever maid. Under which circumstances a young lady may be faultless in costume without paying much attention to it herself. Indeed, I have heard it whispered more than once that there are great ladies whose appearance would be benefited considerably if they would only leave such matters to their maid and dressmaker.

To say that the choral service of the Minster was anything new to Miss Rockingham would, of course, be absurd; she had attended service there often, and had arrived at the conclusion about the clergy connected with the Cathedral upon no grounds whatever. They might be, what she imagined them, drawing good salaries, addicted to good dinners, and thinking they were thoroughly discharging the duties of their station by seeing that the musical

part of the services was as good as possible; but Miss Rockingham was not in the least behind the scenes, and these men might possibly be quite as much given to "good works" as Miss Rockingham herself, and perhaps a little more judicious in the manner of them. Ellen had fallen unfortunately under the austere influence of the Low Church Rector of Cranley, an excellent, well-meaning man in the pulpit, what Baxter describes as a "pious and painful preacher;" but a man who unfortunately deemed any show of geniality of disposition not in accordance with his profession. The Cranley people, I fancy, infinitely preferred his predecessor, who troubled himself more about the hounds and "Scott's Derby lot" than the schools; who didn't preach, but simply read two short drowsy sermons on Sunday; yet was ever open-handed and sympathetic with his parishioners in their troubles.

Miss Rockingham, thrown by compulsion a good deal on her own thoughts, found herself perpetually musing over what this Rector of St. Margaret's might be like. He was a man much talked about in York just then. He had somewhat scandalised the dons of the Cathedral by what they were pleased to term his utter want of dignity and sense of his position. These rather High Churchmen were a little aghast at his democratic tendencies. They talked patronisingly to the poorer members of their flocks: the Reverend Robert Thorndyke would shake hands with his shoemaker, and treat him perfectly as an equal. At the same time there could be no doubt that he was a most energetic, hardworking man in his parish; in fact, as far as Miss Rockingham could hear, he was perfectly irrepressible, always bubbling over with energy and throwing himself into whatever he took up with a vehemence that usually swept all before it. There was a want of reverence too for the ecclesiastical authorities that some of the ladies of York especially shook their heads over. He had been known to contradict the Dean, and even to argue with the Archbishop. A desperate, contumacious man this, with a strong will and opinions of his own, and who, moreover, by no manner of means could be made to understand that it would be more proper to subdue these opinions in the presence of his superiors. There again was a case of the man's moral obliquity! He couldn't be made to understand that he *had* any superiors. The more Miss Rockingham heard of the Reverend Robert Thorndyke, the more curious she became to see him. She pictured him to herself as a somewhat ascetic, Low Church, puritanical clergyman, ablaze with all the fire and enthusiasm of a John Knox, one who railed at all High Church doctrines; stern in his denunciation of anything which savoured of Roman Catholicism as the great Scotch reformer. And one Sunday afternoon Miss Rockingham put on her bonnet, and informed her mother that she was about to attend service at St. Margaret's. She arrived there in good time, thereby obtaining a good seat almost facing the pulpit. A few minutes, and the Rector entered the reading-desk, and Miss Rockingham opened her eyes wide. No one could say that the Rev. Robert Thorndyke was in the least deficient in dignity in the pulpit, whatever he might be elsewhere. But then he was so utterly unlike what Miss Rockingham had imagined. Instead of the pale, ascetic divine she had pictured to herself, the clergyman who commenced to read the service was a man of about four or five and thirty years of age, standing at least six feet one in his boots, with crisp brown curly hair, bright blue eyes which, though now composed, one could see at a glance had a laugh in them, and a somewhat florid complexion. Another moment, and his voice rang through the building, clear, sonorous, and musical, and when the prayers were over Miss Rockingham thought she had never heard them more impressively read, and then she composed herself for the five-and-forty minutes' serious discourse which she felt sure was to follow. But here Miss Rockingham was destined to be still further astonished. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Thorndyke had said his say, and had preached a sermon breathing hope and charity which presented a rather startling contrast to that weary catalogue of pains and penalties to which she had been accustomed to listen in Cranley Church. The sharp, nervous, incisive sentences made a great impression on Miss Rockingham. What this man had to say he had said in such a clear distinct fashion that a child might almost have followed him, whereas the clergyman at whose feet she had till lately sat was wont to be not only involved and wandering in his discourse, but to dwell with unctuous emphasis on all the damatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.

As Miss Rockingham walked home I'm afraid she was thinking rather more of the preacher than of the service at which she had assisted. A clever girl herself, she recognised that short and apparently simple sermon was the work of a clever man, and came to the conclusion that for the future she would attend church at St. Margaret's. This was comforting to her, for to get their doctrine to their minds is sometimes a great tribulation to young ladies.

"Well, Ellen," said Mrs. Rockingham, as her daughter entered the drawing-room, "were you pleased with the service at St. Margaret's?"

"Very much, mother; but anything more unlike what I fancied him than the Reverend Robert Thorndyke is—it is impossible to conceive. He wears a moustache, and looks more like a dragoon than a clergyman, but he reads the service beautifully, and preached such a clever sermon."

(To be continued)



GENERAL SIR ORFEUR CAVANAGH, K.C.S.I., in his work recently issued, "Reminiscences of an Indian Official" (W. H. Allen and Co.), materially adds to our information about military and civilian life in India. He went out to India in 1837, from Addiscombe. Early in his career, at the Battle of Maharajpore, he was dangerously wounded. He thus picturesquely describes this incident of war. His regiment was ordered to charge at a critical moment in the action. "The command," he says, "was gallantly responded to; but I was debarred the good fortune of sharing in the honour of the charge, for at that moment, by a discharge from a battery under some trees immediately in our front, my horse was mortally wounded, and my leg carried away; my poor charger, upon being struck, reared up, and for a second remained poised in the air. I vainly endeavoured to dismount, the whole of my side being for the moment paralysed by the shock experienced by the blow of the round shot. Then, with a crash, we fell together to the ground. After some little exertion I managed to extricate myself from my dangerous position, when, for the first time, I perceived that my leg had been severed a little above the ankle." However, by the aid of an artificial leg, General Cavanagh was enabled to play a part in future actions. Perhaps the most interesting portion of his book is the chapter in which he describes the visit of the Nepaulese Embassy to England. He was in political charge of Jung Bahadur and his suite, and found his post no bed of roses. Jung Bahadur was an Oriental of more than ordinary intelligence, and his confidences to General Cavanagh are good reading. The author was in India throughout the Mutiny, and was finally rewarded for his services with the Governorship of the Straits Settlements. His work is entertaining; and, as giving an insight into official life in Hindostan.

and its dependencies under a régime now passed away, possesses attractions for those interested in nineteenth century history.

Professor Ludwig Büchner, M.D., has just published, through Messrs. Asher and Co., a new translation of the fifteenth German edition of "Force and Matter; or, Principles of the Natural Order of the Universe, with a System of Morality Based Thereon." Most Englishmen familiar with the philosophical or materialistic literature of this century will not need to be told what class of work is the book known in Germany as "Kraft und Stoff." Everyone is not so well informed, however, and therefore we may say, that Dr. Büchner states in the most uncompromising manner the materialistic theory of the universe, and that he denies with almost fanatical persistency the existence of a Personal God. He has no patience even with agnostics. "In reality," he says, "if we look at things in open daylight, we find that the 'unknowable' of modern agnostics is nothing more than the good old God of the theologians, who has already made His appearance in so many deceptive disguises in the history of philosophy. It makes no essential difference whether he answers to the name of 'Will,' or 'Unknown,' or 'Thing per se,' or 'Universal Soul,' or 'Universal Reason,' or 'Unknowable;' at the bottom of it we always find the same anthropomorphic disfigurement, the same *asylum ignorantie*, and the same vague being, which being, begotten of the fear of the unknown, ruled of yore over the crude primeval man, and will continue to rule over the civilised man until the sun of knowledge and the recognition of a natural and self-contained order of the world shall have made a reality of the *Fiat lux*." "Force and Matter" will be appreciated, doubtless, by our own atheistic school, whose cause it ably upholds. Still, after all, there are "more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

"Letters from Bombay" (Remington and Co.), by D. Aubrey, contains twenty-six letters written to friends in England during the month of June, 1883, by the author. He has excised from his correspondence everything of a private and personal nature, and the residuum makes a really interesting book. Unfortunately he does not take us beyond the immediate neighbourhood of Bombay, but his descriptions of the people of the great seaport of Western India, of their manners and customs, of their moral and religious life, and of scenery are certainly graphic. His portrayal of what he saw in the Caves of Elephanta, and of the emotions aroused in himself by contemplation of the vestiges of an old-time worship, will seem to some to err on the side of excessive vigour and vividness. There is a good deal in the ancient and modern life of India which is scarcely worth while to make public in popular form. The philosopher and the scientist may need such knowledge, but the cursory reader, for whom this book is intended, will scarcely be benefited by it.

The outcast poor are certainly receiving much literary attention just now. "City Echoes; or, Bitter Cries from Glasgow" (Alex. Gardner), by the author of "Spero and Celestus," deals with the problem of piteous and helpless poverty, as it is met with in Glasgow. The author tells the story of two boys, one honest and one vicious. He or she is evidently well informed about the details of life in the worst slums of Glasgow, its squalor, its misery, its vice, its desperation, and its redeeming features. The history of Jim, one of the boy characters, is told touchingly, and there are in "City Echoes" many passages full of pathos. It is emphatically a book calculated to do good, affording as it does a powerful stimulus to our sympathy with the poor.

A valuable memoir is that of "William Leighton Leitch, Landscape Painter," late President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (Blackie and Son), by A. MacGeorge. Mr. Leitch was a self-made man. He became an artist of merit in spite of great educational disadvantages. After some work as a scene-painter in Glasgow and London he was enabled to study in Italy. He became in time drawing-master to Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Louise. Much that is most interesting in the book is what is told us of Leitch's relations with royalty. One characteristic of his genius was his power of drawing from memory, which quality curiously enough brought upon him a rebuff from Turner, who declined bluntly to believe a statement of his fellow-artist as to this quality of his. Mr. MacGeorge has done his biographical work well, and his book will be probably read widely with interest. Mr. Leitch was more than an artist, he possessed great amiability of character. To both sides of his personality the author does justice. The result is a work that deserves to be appreciated.

At a time when cholera is frightening people from the Continent "Holiday Haunts by Cliff-side and River-side" (Remington and Co.), by Bernard H. Becker, will be read with interest. Mr. Becker describes in very picturesque language Lowestoft, Harrogate, and some other of our English watering-places; and there can be little doubt that the tired dweller in cities will find as much relaxation and change as he wants within the bounds of his own country. We could wish that Mr. Becker had told us in his last chapter something about Devonshire and Cornwall, instead of going so far afield as Monte Carlo and the Riviera.

"Outlines of Historic Ornament" (Chapman and Hall), translated from the German, and edited by Gilbert R. Redgrave, is a very useful handbook for those who are desirous of an elementary knowledge of the meaning of architectural phraseology. It explains and makes clear a good deal that must be obscure to the ordinary reader, who hears occasionally of Gothic, Moorish, Mexican, Egyptian, and Rococo styles, and yet is much puzzled to know what it all means. "Outlines of Historic Ornament" is sufficiently clear in exposition, and although the form of question and answer may not be altogether commendable, it is here used with advantage. The book may be regarded as a clearly-written manual of instruction.

At present the country is so much occupied with Egypt and the Franchise Bill, that Mr. Haines's work, "A Vindication of England's Policy with Regard to the Opium Trade" (Allen and Co.) will scarcely receive the attention it deserves. Mr. Haines not only defends the Indian policy of this country with reference to China, on the ground that the opium export from Hindostan has never been made the immediate subject of aggression in our wars with China, but that little or worse than nothing would be done for morality by the abandonment by the Government of Calcutta of its monopoly. The subject is a much controverted one, and we can only recommend readers who wish to inform themselves on the subject to read this author's work.

A book of very great practical value is "Lectures on General Nursing" (Kegan Paul and Co.), by Eva C. E. Lückes, Matron to the London Hospital. This lady properly distinguishes between the duties of a nurse and a doctor. To the nurse she says, "How to make poultices, and how to put them on; not *why* and *when*, that rests with the doctor. How best a patient may be made comfortable in bed, and how that bed may be made; not *why* he should go to bed, nor how long he should remain there." Miss Lückes gives details as to the manufacture of mustard-plasters and much more intricate matters which should prove of use not only to the probationers of the London Hospital Training School for Nurses, but to English ladies of all classes. "Lectures on General Nursing" cannot be circulated too widely.

"Practical Taxidermy" (Upcott Gill), by Montagu Browne, F.Z.S., is in its second edition. The subject has evidently been conscientiously worked out, and to the traveller especially the book should be most useful. In South America and in Africa men are thrown upon native taxidermists, who may do their work well, but who certainly make exorbitant charges. To Mr. Browne is due

a debt of gratitude for having given to the sportsman and voyager the means of being independent of a most unpleasant form of imposition.

M. Felix J. Délicé, caterer of the New York Club, publishes through Messrs. Putnam and Sons, "The Franco-American Cookery Book." The book is perfectly bewildering in its variety of *menus*. There is one at least for every day in the year. Our cooks may study with profit this product of the combined culinary science of Paris and New York.

We have received from Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. three handy pocket-books dealing with the dietary to be pursued with 1, Diabetes; 2, Gout; 3, Dyspepsia. The scientific value of these little pamphlets will be probably more perfectly appreciated by the authoritative medical journals. Part IV. of "Artists at Home" (S. Low and Co.), containing the portraits of Messrs. Watts, Thorneycroft, Yeames, and MacWhirter is now published. The illustrations are fully equal both in interest and quality to its three predecessors.

The literary results of the International Fisheries Exhibition are summed up in twelve substantial volumes just issued by Messrs. W. Clowes and Son. These comprise three volumes of Handbooks, four of Conferences, four of Prize Essays, and one volume contains the official catalogue. Such a collection of works from so many eminent pens may fairly be regarded as containing all that can be said at the present time on the subject of the fishing industries of the world.



THIS month more than any other in the year is devoted to country visiting, when a great variety of costumes is needed for all times and seasons. For those of our readers who intend to turn their steps northward, and either to "tramp o'er moss and fell" in the wake of their husbands, or other male relatives and belongings, or to do a little shooting on their own account, very sensible and comfortable "sportswomen's costumes" are prepared by the tailors, who at this season are as busy for their lady as their gentlemen customers. The undyed wool, specimens of which may be seen at the "Healtheries," are generally used on account of their lightness and durability, combined with warmth. These costumes are, as a rule, made with Norfolk blouses and short, pleated skirts, scarcely reaching below the knees; knickerbockers, and either gaiters, or what is considered cooler and more supporting, swathings from the ankles to the knees. Most striking items of the whole costume are the cunning little boots which look so strong and businesslike, laced up the front, with miniature clump soles and hobnails. A cap or hat of the same material and colour as the suit completes this comfortable costume, which enables the wearer to face and enjoy the roughest weather.

Lady tricyclists are now "common objects of the seashore" and country roads, and scarcely attract more than a passing glance. A correspondent of the *Queen*, whom we conclude to be a lady, gives some very useful hints to would-be travellers, more especially with regard to baggage and dress. Of the former she says, "A few necessities should be packed in a 'hold-all' or Gladstone canvas bag; a small dress-box or portmanteau should be sent on from town to town by train or coach to each succeeding resting-place." Of the latter she very sensibly remarks, "Dress for touring should be neat, light, and durable, and of a serviceable colour, heather-brown or dark grey, and *all* wool. The underclothing should be exclusively of merino, or, better still, of fine flannel throughout; no linen bands should be allowed, for when clad in all wool or flannel the wearer runs less risk of chills from standing or sitting in a cold wind or draughts. Experienced lady riders prefer combination garments of flannel, coming well up over the chest, and buttoning at one side. The dress should be made so as to look as nice on as off the machine, and in this the kilted and plaited skirts have the advantage over the habit skirts, as they look less conspicuous when walking. With a neat-fitting costume and ever-clean collar and cuffs, a lady tricyclist may look as nice as any one."

We commend these hints to the attention of lady readers who are contemplating a "sociable" tour.

In the course of our *tournee* for this month we saw at one of the leading "ladies' tailors" a very pretty costume for tennis or boating. It was made of cream-coloured serge, kilted to the waist, a striped drapery of club colours, so arranged as to hold the balls; blouse bodice of serge; deep sailor collar and cuffs of the striped material; a silk handkerchief of the prevailing colour, knotted under the collar, small round hat of the two materials. This design was varied in several colours and materials. We also saw several summer Jerseys, amongst which may be mentioned one in brown, with lappels of velvet embroidered in silk. Most effective was a cream-coloured, richly trimmed with gold, as, though very inexpensive and pretty, was a cream Jersey, trimmed with mohair braid. The Jersey suits for little girls are very stylish this year. One was of stone-colour, trimmed with cardinal-colour satin; another was of slate and claret-colour satin; and a third of pale blue and cream.

Tea-gowns are very much worn when visiting in the country. We saw some which were very pretty. One was of white fancy-striped muslin, trimmed with two full frills of muslin, edged wide cream lace; flounce of Swiss embroidery on the hem. The yoke was made with narrow tucks; the back was finely gathered, bows and loops of cherry-coloured satin ribbon. Another was of cream-white fancy muslin, with open-worked insertion let in at the back to about half-a-yard below the waist, finished off with salmon-pink ribbon; the front was elaborately made with length-way tucks and full frills of lace; by the way, full frills have quite superseded the cascades of lace which used to get so quickly out of order. Two very artistic tea-gowns were made at a house noted for its æsthetic productions. The one was of a beautiful green and dull gold Indian plush. The front was of blue silk, smocked and puffed, as were the sleeves. The other costume was a Japanese flowered wrap, draped over a pale green underskirt of Nagpore silk; a small gold chain on the hem, which makes the skirt fall in soft, graceful folds.

A bridal dress was remarkably elegant, made with a petticoat of ivory-white satin, honeycombed with small pearl beads. Robe of embossed cream velvet; the satin sleeves were puffed at the elbow, and honeycombed above and below; gauze veil, and wreath of myrtle and orange-blossom.

A very simple and becoming dress for a young girl at a garden party was made of cream Nagpore silk, with a wide scarf of cream gauze, draped round the shoulders, and tied at the back in large loops and ends; puffed gauze sleeves, large hat of the two materials, with feathers. Equally simple and appropriate for the same purpose was a cream muslin, with a few narrow tucks on the edge of the plain skirt; Gainsborough bodice, sleeves; and hat. A coral-pink Nagpore silk was made with a pleating and a few tucks upon the hem, smocked at the waist, neck, and sleeves; the bodice was half-low, elbow sleeves. An artistic costume, very becoming to a slender figure, was a pretty shade of olive-green Umritzur cloth, with a narrow flounce. The overskirt was quite plain and full, put into the waist in thick small pleats; the bodice was laced over a

full waistcoat of old-gold Rumchunder silk; small basque of silk: puffing of the same at the elbow.

Three children's frocks were very dainty. The first was of pale blue Nagpore silk, with a silver chain round the hem and neck; a girdle, after that worn by Miss Mary Anderson as Galatea, of a darker shade; sleeves, open from the shoulder, caught together with buttons; blue stockings. The second was of white spotted muslin, with flounce or hem edged with lace, full bodice; marigold-coloured silk sash, wide fall of lace round the neck. The third was a pale green Indian cashmere, with half-dozen narrow tucks, smocked at the waist, full bodice, deep fall of yellow lace round the neck; sleeves made with a large puff falling over the elbow; large hat to match. Before quitting this artistic corner we will describe some of the most fashionable materials to be seen there. Nagpore silk in all the new colours—marigold, buttercup, heliotrope, and a charming shade of green, printed silk; Oriental satin, in a very soft shade of lime-green; Hoonan silk; Arabian cotton, an inexpensive and very pretty crape-like material, which washes beautifully; some unique Turkish specimens of embroidery, worked by the poor female refugees, exactly the same on both sides, in strips for trimming velvet and satin dresses; Madras muslin, a yard and three-quarters wide, with a design delicately outlined in gold thread which does not wash out.

There is a great variety in the shapes of bonnets, which are small, medium, and very large, made of drawn net or crape, with lace frills, flapping over the eyes, and only becoming to those who are so pretty that nothing can disfigure them. A very stylish bonnet was made of macramé straw, trimmed with olive-green velvet and satin, a large bouquet of lime-coloured heath and yellow pansies; high crown veiled with brown tulle, and open beaded front; bouquet of yellow king cups and wisteria. A black-and-gold embroidered crown, lappet of black net spotted with gold beads, bouquet of mignonette and cream-coloured roses. Henry III. hat, made of copper straw, bound with black velvet, with tufts of grass and field flowers. A very becoming hat for a brunette was of Manilla straw, trimmed with beige-coloured ostrich plumes. For travelling, hats or bonnets are very eccentric as worn by our Parisian neighbours. For example, a hat to be worn with a tailor-made costume was of brown straw with a red fancy foulard fussily gathered in front and tied at the back in a little knot. Sometimes they have two or three claws of birds, gilt, or, as a French contemporary observes enthusiastically, "We have seen some veritable sailor's caps with a tulle rosette, in the centre of which is a ravishing little frog or a small crab." Can any one picture a British tar in such a cap, or in anything approaching to it?



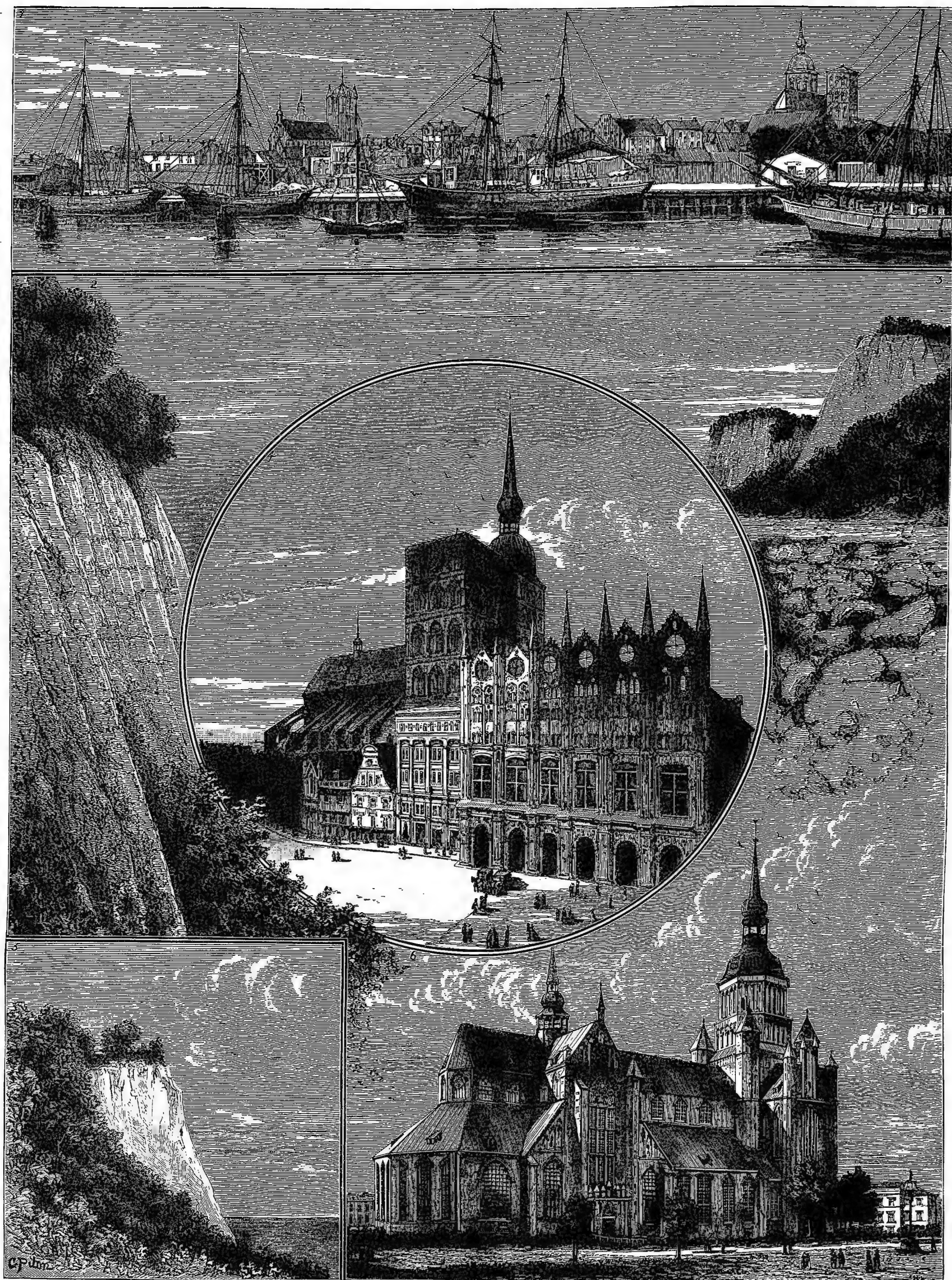
"SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE," A Matter-of-Fact Romance (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), is not an unworthy last word, so far as fiction is concerned, of the great novelist who so lately passed from among us, and has left his place unfilled. Extremes are apt to meet, and in this most unvarnished tale Charles Reade has returned to something of that simple directness, full of originality, but free from deliberate eccentricity and his later mannerisms, which belongs to "Christie Johnstone." This is a story, and nothing but a story—a fact that can be commended to the notice of those who, having neither eyes, nor ears, nor fancy, complain that all the stories have been told. Nevertheless, it is a story with a moral:—

With steady mind thy course of duty run:
God never does, nor suffers to be done
Aught but thyself wouldst do, couldst thou foresee
The end of all events so well as He.

How much diversity of life-like and dramatic character has been compressed into these few pages is a marvel of skill. The angelic, or rather womanly, truth and patience of Sarah Mansell is in delightful contrast with the grotesque wit and no less womanly humours of her sister Deborah, who represents the comedy of the tale, while the brilliant rascality of James Mansell (the "Double-face" of the story) brings out the more fully the chivalry of that truest of knights and lovers, Joseph Pinder. One peculiar charm of the romance is that the characters are taken from what is conventionally treated as the least romantic of all classes, namely, that of the small shopkeeper. The heroine stands behind her counter and sells pennyworths of groceries; and duchess or dairymaid may be defied to beat her on their own traditional ground. The story is so concisely told that it can scarcely be described in fewer words than the author's own—it is a model of masterful simplicity, and is full of the interest of portraiture and character combined. The only risk it runs of failing to obtain adequate popularity is that its consummate art is almost too well concealed.

We are inclined to apply in some measure to "Torwood's Trust," by Evelyn Everett-Green (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), the motto the authoress has chosen for its title-page: "I protest, our plot is as good as ever was laid." At any rate, her plot is a very good one indeed, and it is upon this that the principal interest of her novel, which she states in the dedication to be her first work of fiction, depends. She is not afraid of improbabilities, and so much the better, since she so manages them as to make them seem real enough for the time. Of course there is nothing new in the idea of an impostor claiming to be heir to a great estate, either in novels or in newspapers. But it is altogether new to make the impostor actuated by the noblest and most generous motives: and from such a situation it is obvious that an unlimited number of fresh complications may arise, of which Miss Everett-Green has taken full advantage. It is impossible to lay down the novel before obtaining ample satisfaction of the curiosity which it excites at an early point, and this, although the authoress makes no affectation of mystery, and makes the reader the confidant of her secret from the beginning. The characters are no doubt made up for their parts, but all have sufficient individuality, and some, like that despotically kindly old maid, Miss Marjory Descartes, have qualities of individual interest apart from the incidents in which they are concerned. Certain conversations might well have been shortened, and several needless repetitions or explanations omitted. But there is no serious blemish: and, if Miss Everett-Green's next work proves equal to her first, we shall be able to congratulate the novel-reading world on a welcome recruit of the diminishing number of authors who know how to tell a new story.

Mr. Frank Barrett's "Little Lady Linton" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is rather disappointing, though less by any demerits of its own than of its marked inferiority to previous works from the same pen. Those, therefore, who are unacquainted with "Folly Morrison," to mention only one admirable example of Mr. Barrett's work, will be better qualified to appreciate the qualities which at any rate place "Little Lady Linton" above the average of fiction. The author has not displayed his capacity for strong portraiture of the eccentric kind, and for contrasting it with the types of every day. He has deserted his own characteristic method of construction for that which Mr. Wilkie Collins has rendered too familiar to require imitation. Unless it contains some very new feature indeed, the detective romance must be considered as having fulfilled its destiny, and it cannot be said that the result of Mr. Barrett's story goes beyond the conventional treatment of such matters, even though some of his separate incidents are novel in themselves. In



1. Stralsund from the Harbour.—2. The "Zerklüftete Wand," Rügen.—3. View in the Stubbenkammer, Rügen.—4. Roman Catholic Church and Rathhaus, Stralsund.—5. "The King's Chair," Rügen.—6. Church at Stralsund.

VIEWS AT STRALSUND AND THE ISLAND OF RÜGEN, NORTH GERMANY



"You've a Gran' Figger for a Pattern this Size"



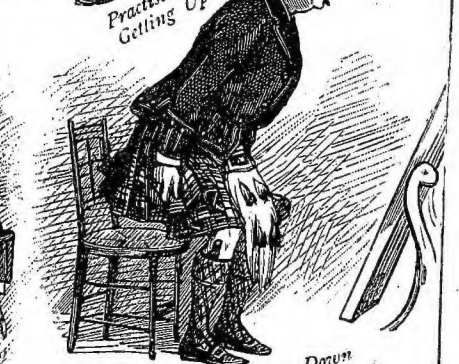
Mr. Tooting is Tempted with Some Startling Effects



He Tries It On and—



Practises Getting Up



And Sitting Down



"Sixteen Yards at Least! Why, You Have Made a Bargain" (Mr. T. had, however, judiciously left out one or two items of the Bill)



Ralston & Cole Photographers.



His First and Last Reel



The Inevitable End of Kilt and Plaid

one respect, however, apart from his plot, he has struck upon a source of interest so long neglected that it can almost be regarded as having become new. He interests us in a husband and wife who, instead of being eager dupes to misunderstandings, love one another well enough to put reasonable faith in one another, and to make the best, instead of the worst, of appearances. As a rule, the heroes and heroines of current fiction are such idiots in this respect, that any proof of their capacity for common sense and unselfishness is refreshingly welcome. There is no occasion to describe a story which depends for its interest upon a complicated domestic mystery. For the rest, it is enough to say that curiosity in the fortunes of a very sympathetic couple is sufficiently well maintained.

A FREETHINKER'S WORRIES

MONSIEUR FELIX GARGARON was death upon priests. When the electors of Portvovou sent him to the French Parliament he took his seat on the benches of the Extreme Left, among that hard-headed band of Radicals who are convinced that they sprang from mud, and are chronically out of temper with the heavens for being blue, golden, and mysterious, and for producing sunshine and thunderstorms, whereby the minds of the weak are encouraged to poetic fancies and to faith in vain impostures.

To speak more correctly, one should say that Felix Gargaron took two seats in the Parliament, for he was a large fat man, who required plenty of room to move about in. He was strong as a bull and hairy as Esau. He had a voice like an ophicleide, which sounded over the din of all the other voices in the Chamber, when there was a noisy sitting, just as a night-watchman's horn over the tumult of a tempest; and it was to this voice of his that M. Gargaron owed all his success as a politician. For before he took to the trade of lawmaking, Gargaron had been a not very successful journalist, who shook his fist at the heavens out of a sixth-floor window, being unable, for financial reasons, to lodge any lower. But his voice had always been a subject of wonder and amusement to his friends; and one day an eating-house keeper to whom he owed some money suggested that he should turn that brazen instrument to account. This was good advice, and if Gargaron had had an ear for music he would have become an opera singer. As it was, finding he had no talents for the stage, he devoted himself to the humbler and less reputable business of politics. He attended public meetings, and shouted nonsense till he grew very popular. No other speaker had a chance against him in these assemblies, for the roaring gusts that issued from his mouth swept away casual interruptions, and made his opponents gasp breathless, as people do in a high wind. M. Gargaron knew nothing of politics; but this infirmity, common to orators of his stamp, did not operate as a drawback upon his eloquence; it simply impelled him to advocate the demolition of every institution that happened to be standing more or less upright. In this way men have become famous ever since Parliaments began. Nature follows a prudent method in her creations, and seldom endows such big, obstreperous persons as M. Gargaron with active malevolence. Our fat friend was always hellowing that churches ought to be overthrown and priests rooted out of the earth, but he had never set the bad example of catching up a pickaxe and calling upon his electors to come and see him hew down Notre Dame; nor did those who knew him best think it likely that he would ever do such a thing. The two Socialist members who sat to right and left of him in the Chamber were much more terrible customers than he, though both were small, lean men with hardly any voices at all. One was a Dr. Chippolard, who spent most of his leisure in vivisectioning cats and dogs, and had no more tenderness in him than a ferret; the other was a philosopher named Blaise Cœurenbois, who had spent a large part of his life in gaols for political offences, and who could on no account have been entrusted with the discretionary use of a guillotine and a hogshead of petroleum in times of revolution. These two patriots were to Felix Gargaron as a couple of midges are to a blue-bottle. They were perpetually stinging him and making him buzz and fly headlong into those webs where Cabinet Ministers sit watching for their prey; and poor Gargaron, who had once or twice felt the squeeze of the Ministerial nippers, loathed these two men, and was afraid of them, though he dared not show it.

Before entering Parliament Gargaron had been a poor man, so that the salary of 360*l.* a year which he drew as a legislator was very welcome. But soon he found that it was not half enough. His electors of Portvovou were such arrant beggars that not a day passed without his receiving a dozen letters from them whining for alms. Under the pretext that they had confided their interests to his keeping, they dunned him for posts under Government, cash, free passes on railways, decorations, and every other imaginable thing that greedy folks can ask for to make their lives pleasant; so it came to pass that Gargaron was quickly compelled to act like other impetuous Radical politicians who want to get on. He interested himself in financial operations. He helped to start lines of steamboats, and let Government know in a roundabout way that if State concessions were granted to these lines he, Gargaron, and some other of his Radical friends would not feel it their duty to vote against this or that Bill. He also did a little business in Army clothing, manufacturing tunics on strictly economical principles, and selling them at convenient prices, because he often included some of his most cherished political convictions in the bargain. After a year or two of these little games our friend amassed an honest competency, and then came a great crisis in his life, for he fell in love, and turned his thoughts to matrimony.

It was a very nice and pretty girl whom the member for Portvovou went a-courting. Her name was Angélique Desbois, and she was the daughter of a prosperous timber-merchant who was in a position to give her 20,000*l.* when she married, and to leave her a like sum when he died. Such fortunes are not to be met with every day, and Felix Gargaron ordered a new suit of clothes from his tailor, and had his beard trimmed so as to appear to Mlle. Angélique at his best. He did not encounter much difficulty, for his position as a Deputy gave him prestige, whilst his splendid stature and thundering voice rendered him imposing. Angélique Desbois was little and *mignonne*, so by the law of contrasts she rejoiced in giants. One day the whole Desbois family went to the Palais Bourbon to hear Felix Gargaron speak, and the fond lover acquitted himself so boisterously of his task that they were all delighted, though they had not understood ten words of what he said. The same evening M. Gargaron proposed, and was accepted, but subject to one explicit condition—namely, that he should be married according to religious rites.

"You see," said old Desbois, "I'm a Republican like yourself, and don't think much of churches, but I consider it's decent to be married and buried in them. It pleases the women."

"Quite so," answered the Radical Deputy. "Of course, if Mlle. Angélique likes. Though I was going to say that a person intellectually gifted as she is—"

"W. men have no intellects," said old Desbois, with a shrug. "They like the music, the incense, the beadle with the gold coat, and all that. You must humour my girl in this matter, Gargaron."

"Of course I will," replied Gargaron; and he felt in so speaking that he would have done any mortal thing that his bride-elect had demanded of him.

Nevertheless it was a very awkward promise which Gargaron had made. It was bad enough, according to his opinions, to be married in a church, but it was much more revolting to go through the pre-

liminary formality of confession. What a humiliation for such a man as he—the Deputy for Portvovou—to kneel in a confessional and beg absolution for his sins from a priest who would, perhaps, grin at him through the bars and make him do a penance! Why, Gargaron did not feel as if he had any sins to acknowledge; and suppose he were made to do some such ridiculous penance as walking down the Boulevards with peas in his shoes (he vaguely remembered having heard of such things) what an odious abasement of his dignity as a man and a freethinker! However, the thing had to be done, for Angélique Desbois was quite obstinate on the matter, and did not care a pin's head for his dignity as a freethinker.

Luckily marriages take place quickly in France when once they have been arranged. The wedding day was fixed at a month's distance only from the day when Gargaron had proposed, and three weeks elapsed without any public rumour arising of the famous Radical's intention to go to church. So one morning Gargaron, feeling very small and mean, slunk off to his parish church at six o'clock, and popped into a confessional without being seen by anybody save a few market women who were early risers, and who did not know him by name. The priest was very good-natured about the matter; the confession was soon over, and Felix Gargaron was told to attend in the sacristy by and by, and receive the *billet de confession* which would enable him to be married religiously. Let us hope our fat friend was quite truthful in confessing all the misdoings of his life; but in truth he rose from his knees very red, and hustled out of the church, holding a handkerchief to his face, as if he were in mortal terror of being recognised.

But these precautions were in vain, for the thing got known; next day there was a violent ring at Gargaron's door, and his two friends, Chippolard and Cœurenbois, entered to upbraid him. Chippolard had come away in a hurry from skinning of his 269th live dog (he was trying some very interesting experiment on diastaltic nerves), and Cœurenbois had torn himself away from his desk, where he was correcting the proofs of a valuable work on the "Philosophy of King-Murder." Both these small, dismal men stalked into Gargaron's presence with anger and disdain on their faces.

Gargaron held out his hand, but the two Radicals put their hands behind their backs, and would not even remove their shabby hats. "Is this true, that we hear about you?" began Chippolard, in a quavering croak, like a wounded magpie's. "Is it a fact that you were in a confessional yesterday?"

"Listen to me, my friends," cried poor Gargaron. "It was all to please the poor little girl I am going to marry. Would you have me hurt the child's feelings?"

"Then you are a traitor to the people," said Cœurenbois indignantly.

"You have dishonoured us all," echoed the vivisectioner of dogs and cats.

"*Sacre bleu*, can't you hear reason!" exclaimed Gargaron with a furious gesture, and he looked for a moment as if he were about to catch up his two accusers and fling them out of the window; but after a moment he contained himself, and spoke appealingly. "Don't be ill-natured, you two. I'm not proud of what I did—but you know what it is when a man's in love—"

"Come along, the man's a fool," chirped Chippolard, with a look of scathing contempt, and he drew Cœurenbois away by the arm. "You have forfeited my esteem, Gargaron."

"And mine!" screamed the philosopher. "But, to tell you the truth, you never had it. I always looked upon you as a false brother. Mind, now the electors whom you have tricked will punish you for this."

This threat was not an idle one. When Felix Gargaron was married in church the Conservative papers reported the ceremony, and ironically complimented the bridegroom on his "conversion." Upon this the democracy of Portvovou was very wroth. A public meeting was convened, and resolutions were passed, declaring that Gargaron was a traitor and a Jesuit, and that he should be called upon to resign his seat. This our friend, of course, refused to do. He preferred to try the effect of a few gifts in season towards allaying the wrath of those who reviled him most hotly. He was never so besieged with applications for money as at this time. It was ascertained that he had grown rich, and some of his outraged constituents hinted plainly that there was one way, and only one, by which Gargaron could prove that he was still deserving of confidence. So the member for Portvovou loosened his purse-strings, and spread his defence about in the form of gold pieces and bank-notes. Such arguments are generally convincing, and Gargaron managed after a while to recover something like his former popularity. He even crept again partially into the good graces of Chippolard and Cœurenbois; for during the year that followed his marriage he was more eloquent than ever, and often succeeded in forging the rusty theories of these two men into blazing-hot speeches, even as a blacksmith makes iron glow. Gargaron was happy, and he wanted to enhance his reputation as an orator; besides, he felt he must atone to his electors for his misconduct on the occasion of his wedding by showing himself more virulently Radical than he had been before. He spared neither his sarcasms against the priests, who "brutalise" the people; nor his attacks against the churches which are "monuments of degradation and superstition;" indeed many compared Gargaron to a mad bull who is charging at people who have been so insolent as to try and tether him by the leg. Gargaron had broken the ecclesiastical tether, and was loose again, kicking up dust all over the place. But when all this kind of thing had been going on for a year another awful blow fell upon Gargaron's prestige; for Madame Gargaron gave birth to an heir, and this little stranger was taken to church and christened.

This time it was a regular explosion of maledictions that took place at Portvovou. Poor Gargaron tried to shuffle out of his scrape by declaring that his child had been christened without his knowledge, that he deplored the matter most humbly, and would take care that it never happened again. These apologies were not accepted. Once more Chippolard and Cœurenbois turned their backs upon the renegade; and Gargaron, losing all patience, spoke unkindly to his wife, then repented and called himself a brute, after which he shook his fists in the faces of Chippolard and Cœurenbois, and vowed to make hash of their bodies and dust of their bones if they insulted him again. All these emotions, however, proved too much for the fat politician, inasmuch that one day when he had been goaded into kicking out a deputation of freethinkers who had come on purpose from Portvovou to revile him, Gargaron fell down in a fit.

Then his wife raised a great lament; had him picked up and put to bed; and this done she sent for Sister of Mercy to attend him and for a priest to give him his shrift.

Yes, a priest and a Sister of Mercy. It was all to no use that the poor Radical protested, rolling on his bed, and pointing to the door. He was too weak to say much, and his gestures were misunderstood. From some words he uttered his weeping little wife understood that he was repenting of his freethought, and wanted to be interred religiously.

"Make your mind easy, my darling," she sobbed. "You shall have the finest choral service at your funeral."

"No, no!" gasped the wretched Radical.

She thought he doubted her word. "I swear it, dear," she promised solemnly, and this was so very grievous to Félix Gargaron that he fell back into another fit, and was soon reported dead.

Funerals take place twenty-four hours after death in France, so

on the morrow of his decease Félix Gargaron was carried to the parish church in great pomp, and there was a full choral service over his remains as promised. But this was more than any of his former political friends could stomach. A great many of them attended the ceremony out of curiosity, but they would not enter the church. They stood on the steps and made remarks full of anger and consternation as the coffin was carried in and out. "Who would have thought it?" "What a humbug the man was!" "What a knave!" These were the funeral orations which Félix Gargaron's good political friends delivered over him.

But Félix Gargaron was not really dead; he was only in a catalepsy. He awoke from his sleep just as he was being borne out of the church, and luckily the pall-bearers heard the feeble raps which he knocked against the coffin lid. Among general excitement and wonder the coffin was set down and the lid was opened. Up rose Gargaron with a cadaverous face, and a shroud swathing his limbs like a Roman senator's toga. "Mon Dieu! Where am I?" he added, looking around in amazement at the crowd of faces, amongst which he first espied those of Chippolard and Cœurenbois.

"You have been to church; ah!" said Cœurenbois drily.

"And they'll call this a miracle," chimed in Chippolard the vivisectioner; "but it's nothing of the sort. If I could only inspect your nerves at this moment, I should be able to demonstrate—" "Hush, hush," said a scandalised priest, making to Gargaron's side with an asperges brush; and he scattered the Radical contingent by throwing Holy Water over them right and left. As for Félix Gargaron, he was hastily packed into the first available brougham and carried home to his rejoicing wife.

But everybody may guess the epilogue of this story. In being restored to his wife Félix Gargaron was by no means restored to the confidence of his constituents. The citizens of Portvovou had had enough of a member whose many acts of apostasy had culminated in a religious funeral. It is not often that electors can take their revenge on a freethinker who recants at the eleventh hour, and makes his escape from life and from democratic hubbub at one and the same time by bolting through a church door as it were. It was resolved in Portvovou to make such an example of Felix Gargaron as should serve to all other freethinkers for the future. So at the last general election this well-meaning but much vexed man lost his seat.

It is said that he is now studying Conservative politics under his wife's auspices, and intends to come forward soon as a Legitimist candidate in a Breton constituency. His voice is in as powerful a condition as ever.

THE LATE E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY



MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—A series of songs, music by Hastings Crossley, are quaintly entitled "Four Garden Songs;" they are somewhat out of the ordinary groove of ballads. No. I., "Eutopia," is written by F. T. Palgrave; No. II., "The Sunflower," words by W. Blake; No. III., "The Lotos and the Swan," after the German of Geibel; No. IV., "A Tragedy," by Theo Marzials. These songs are for a soprano voice, and will prove a welcome addition to the drawing-room *repertoire*.—By the same composer is a sacred song for a bass voice, "Light In Darkness;" well sung, it will produce a good effect.—Theodore W. Barth has composed very appropriate music for Cardinal Newman's sublime hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," but for some inexplicable reason he has changed the title to "Lead Thou Me On;" the compass is from C below the lines to E on the fourth space.—In our opinion he has been more successful with a secular song, "The Carver," the charming poetry of which is by F. E. Weatherly; a legitimate success may be anticipated for this clever song.—Longfellow's beautiful translation from the German of Uhland, "On the River," has been fairly well set to music of an easy character, by A. H. Cox.—"Prelude No. 4," in E minor, by Chopin, has been skilfully and with much taste transcribed for the organ by Edmund H. Turpin.—Equally worthy of praise is "Postlude," for the organ, composed by George Gardner, Mus. Bac.—Admirers of the Gregorian school, the popularity of which is on the increase, will be much pleased with "A Manual of Harmonies for the Gregorian Tones," by J. W. Hinton, M.A., Mus. Doc. This cleverly-arranged little volume contains settings to the daily Psalms in Helmore's "Psalter Noted," together with an appendix containing various portions of the service, with organ accompaniment for unison singing. We can cordially recommend this work to the attention of organists.—Two very pretty pieces for the drawing-room, by E. Silas, are "Gavotte in F" and "Rosa, Air de Ballet." Both are moderately difficult.—A dreamy and melodious waltz is "Sunset Dreams," by Fritz Heinrich, who has chosen his title well.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—Of a time-honoured school which finds favour with all classes of singers and voices is "The Child and the Angel," written and composed by Mary M. Lemon and Frederick H. Cowen. It is published in four keys, and will surely be first favourite for many years to come.—A pleasing love song, words by E. Oxenford, music by Lady Arthur Hill, is "The Voice I Love," published in three keys.—Henry Farmer has arranged as a violin solo the leading melodies from R. Planquette's comic opera of *Nell Gwynne* with fair success.—Book III. of "Arrangements for the American Organ," by Frederick Archer, will meet with a cordial welcome from moderately good executants on that instrument, none the less so for being written on two lines only. It contains the "Kyrie" from Beethoven's Mass in C; "And the Glory of the Lord," the grand chorus from Handel's *Messiah*; and "The Priests' March," from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*—an excellent selection.—A meet companion for the above is "The American Organ Journal," edited by J. Munro Coward. No. X. contains seven transcriptions from various composers of merit, including the tried old favourites, "March in *Scipio*" (Handel) and the "Grand March" from *La Reine de Saba* (Ch. Gounod).—Spirited, and with a certain melody, "En Palanquin," a *marche indienne*, by Georges Lamothe, should be learnt by heart, and, if well played, will prove a favourite after-dinner piece.—A very gorgeous floral frontispiece will attract attention to "Les Fleurs," one of Waldteufel's most fascinating waltzes.—Precisely the same may be said of "The Royal Hunt Waltz," by Rudolf Herzen, with its spirited frontispiece and dance-inspiring music.

DISAPPOINTED NATIVE SUITORS in Indian Law Courts have a peculiar method of expressing their opinion that the Court needs enlightenment and purification. Lately a native who had lost his cause in the Lahore High Court was found going round and round the building with a huge pole, tipped with blazing branches, which he waved in the air, calling vigorously on his gods to purify so corrupt a region. His appeal, however, only resulted in his being turned out by the indignant police. Another injured native stopped two judges on their way to Court, and tried to purify them by waving blazing branches over their heads, but the judges promptly checked the operation by sending him to prison for contempt of Court.

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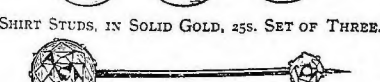
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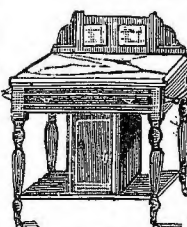
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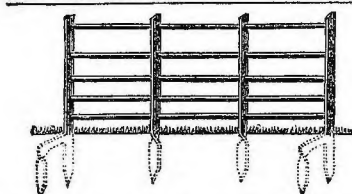
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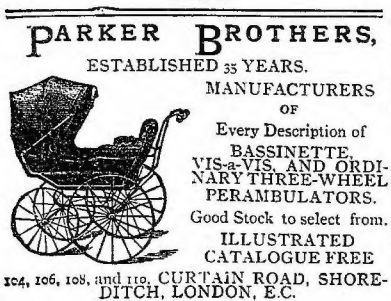
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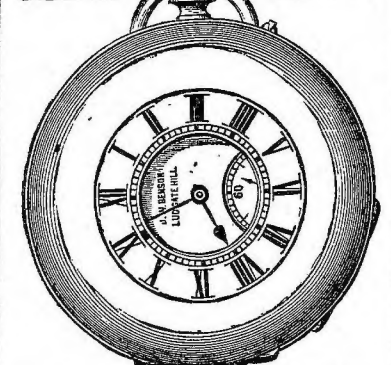
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